

John Ruskin 28 Wellington Street Strand

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.—No. 2.

Our illustration in this page conveys to the reader an idea of the destitution prevailing in the homes of tens of thousands of the industrial inhabitants of the North. In that illustration, sketched from a sad picture of real life, we behold the once hardy operative reduced to the skeleton of himself, his wife in tatters, and his four children huddled together in a bed of rags. A good Samaritan is ministering to the wants of this afflicted family.

When making inquiries in various parts of Manchester, it is not possible to overlook a great distress which has fallen on a large number of the industrious inhabitants; but, bad as matters are here, the distress is light in comparison with the condition of Ashton, Preston (where fever is increasing), and some places which entirely depend on the cotton manufacture for a livelihood; for in Manchester, besides the cotton, there are carried forward other and very important trades. There

are sugar refineries; tool and machine manufactories, iron works, &c.; nevertheless, the distress is heavy, and more or less affects all. The poor-rates are rising, and each week a large part of the poorer shopkeepers are becoming more unable to meet them. We might fill pages with the sad tales we have heard. We met with sober and respectable men who had been for months out of work, and who had not a shirt upon their backs. One man, a machine-painter, had been twelve months out of employment. His condition was deplorable. Women—the mothers of families—and elderly men say for forty years they have never seen the like of it; and yet, although hundreds of homes are stripped of everything which would bring a little money, and the clothes which are worth anything have been parted with, and pinching hunger reigns in the house, we did not hear a word of blame used against any one. There were no complaints against masters, no grumbling against Government; but, with a sort of patience which cannot be rightly understood unless it has been witnessed, they are thankful to those who are assisting them, waiting in hope that the cloud will pass away. Being



COTTON FAMINE, NO. 2—A MEMBER OF THE RELIEF COMMITTEE VISITING A FAMILY.

reduced to seek parish relief is seemingly one of the parts of their position which is the hardest to bear; and certainly it is a duty of the Union guardians to be as tender as possible of the feelings of those men and women; and, when the winter sets in, the already tried patience of the cotton-workers should not be pressed by labour tests. These men, having been accustomed to the atmosphere of heated factories, and the labour which requires but little physical exertion, are, in consequence, totally unprepared for exposure on bleak moors, or to be employed in breaking stones.

We met with several young men who had chiefly educated themselves in the evening schools. These were remarkable for general information and some skill in figures, and wrote a good hand: their character was good; one of them had been enabled by the help of a friend to come to an uncle in London, who was foreman in a chemist's works, and who, mentioning the circumstance, found him employment in the same establishment at a salary of about 17s. 6d. a week to begin with. The clergymen, schoolmasters, and others in the manufacturing districts would be able to recommend many young men of this description who might be usefully employed in other ways than in cotton spinning.

ENTHRONIZATION OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE Most Reverend Father in God Charles Thos. Longley, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, was on Sunday enthroned in the cathedral church, and inducted into "the real, actual, and corporeal possession" of the See of Canterbury. By virtue of his archiepiscopal dignity he is "Primate and Metropolitan of all England," and while other bishops of the Church are only "Divina Permissione," he only may write himself "Divina Providenti." Five prelates of the Church minister to his grace—the Bishop of London is his dean, the Bishop of Winchester is sub-dean; the See of Lincoln furnishes him with a Chancellor, Salisbury gives him a precentor, and he has for his chaplain the Bishop of Rochester. His diocese of Canterbury contains 257 parishes, besides numerous chapels in Kent and in other dioceses which are termed the "Parishes" of the archbishop. In addition to all the rights, dignities, honours, pre-eminences, and appurtenances, as they are styled in the Queen's mandate, the archbishop is a temporal peer, taking precedence of all but those of royal blood, and no matter where the sovereigns of England may be, they are his proper domestic parishioners. Ninety-one prelates have, since the time of St. Augustine, sustained the noble dignities of the See of Canterbury, and that long line of descent has yielded to the Church of Rome eighteen of its most honoured saints, and half that number of cardinals. Among the former heads of the British episcopate may be counted twelve Lord Chancellors, four Lord Treasurers, one Lord Chief Justice, and nine Chancellors of the University of Oxford. A long and illustrious array of historic associations blend with the honours and titles now borne by the archbishop, and the noble cathedral in which he was enthroned has been the scene of some of the most stirring events of past times.

The ceremony of the "enthronization," as it is termed, was not remarkable for any pomp or splendour, such as would have been the case in a Church where ecclesiastical dignity is marked by external magnificence, and richly embroidered robes and vestments add to the imposing solemnities of its public ceremonials. A casual visitor to the cathedral would have seen but little to distinguish it from any ordinary time when opened for public service. There was no doubt a larger attendance. The altar steps were occupied exclusively by clergy, and on each side of the nave there were placed a large number of visitors. The north and south transepts were also occupied by a mixed congregation, and in the choir the attendance was greater than usual. The clergy, who were present in large numbers, wore their usual black gowns; the deans and sub-deans their white surplices; and the bishops were distinguished by their lawn; and as for the archbishop himself, he could only be singled out from the others by the greater amplitude of his lawn sleeves.

At the end of the first lesson, which was read by Mr. Hirst, the Rev. Archdeacon Harrison, who acted as deputy for the Archdeacon of Canterbury, who, on account of age and infirmity, was unable to attend, went down from his stall, and conducted the archbishop to the throne, in which he caused him to sit, and formally inducted him "into the archiepiscopal and archiepiscopal dignity of the See of Canterbury, the real, actual, and corporeal possession of the same, with all and singular the rights, dignities, honours, pre-eminences and appurtenances thereof," and it was added—"May the Lord preserve your going out and your coming in from this time forth for evermore. Amen."

The archbishop remaining in his throne the service proceeded with the "Benediction" to the end. His grace then, for the first time, pronounced the blessing in Canterbury Cathedral.

OPENING OF THE NEW BOULEVARD IN PARIS BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

Our illustration of the recent event in page 168, represents the Emperor on horseback, slightly in advance of the brilliant retinue attending him. Our artist very fortunately managed to obtain a position close to the imperial cortege as it passed between the masses of people assembled.

The Boulevard Prince Eugene is a new street, upwards of two miles long and about thirty yards wide. It is the longest street, in a straight line, in Paris, and as far as we know, in the world. It extends from the fountains on the Boulevard du Temple called the "Fountain d'Eau," to the site of the recently demolished Barriere du Trochu, where still rear their heads those two handsome columns which strike the eye of every visitor to Vincennes. Not a twentieth part of the Boulevard Prince Eugene is yet flanked by houses. A very few new ones have as yet been erected, and the line has been so arranged as to take in a few old ones in partly demolished streets. The large vacant spaces are all covered by high railing, cut up, as it is removed, and as seems probable from its usefulness for any other purpose, to baffle the designs of conspirators, who otherwise would have had a wonderful choice of spots for the erection of an infernal machine or similar hideous. It is intended by the powerful company of which M. Pereire is the head to line the Boulevard Prince Eugene with ranges of handsome houses, divided into apartments at moderate rents. To give an idea of the significance of the word "moderate" in this case, we may mention that some of the houses already built hang out boards offering apartments (by which is meant unfurnished lodgings for a decent family) at from 12s. to 20s. That is something much cheaper than anything lately attainable in Paris in houses of a like aspect. For the purposes of the inauguration the underlayer of public rejoicings met the street, with the usual regulation painted poles, bearing multicoloured flags and imperial eagles. The account of the ceremony itself appeared in our last week's issue.

A MISCHIEVOUS BOY.—A bird dealer, named Desjardins, residing on the Quai de l'École, Paris, having recently noticed an unusual mortality among his stock, concluded that the animals must have been poisoned by some evil disposed person. He accordingly kept a strict watch, and at length caught a boy named N—, fifteen years of age, an apprentice to a brass turner, in the act of holding phosphorus matches to the birds, which pecked at them, and no doubt swallowed particles of the poison, a very minute quantity of which would suffice to kill a bird. The lad was taken before the commissary of police, and it was then ascertained that his only object was mischief, for which his parents, who are responsible for his acts, will have to pay.

Notes of the Week.

On Sunday morning, between three and four o'clock, some confusion was caused off Bell-wharf, Lower Shadwell, owing to the sudden outbreak of a fire on board the ship *Adelphi*, of South Shields. The fire appears to have commenced in the aft cabin, in which the mate, a man named Thomas Thompson, had gone on rest, and at the time of the discovery was fast asleep. The persons on board the vessels lying near at once raised an alarm, and after some time they succeeded in making the captain of the *Adelphi* sensible of his danger, but the mate was sleeping so soundly that he could not be awakened. The crews of the surrounding ships having scaled the bulwarks, they succeeded in cutting away the deck, and by pouring copious streams of water, by means of the steam floating engine, upon the blazing cabin, the flames were extinguished, but not until considerable damage had been sustained. As soon as the ship was sufficiently cooled the firemen went on board, and found the body of the mate, Thompson, burned in a frightful manner. The ship was insured in the Blyth Club.

A REPORT was current on Saturday morning that the Exhibition building was on fire. A telegram was sent from the building to some of the nearest stations of the fire brigade, requesting the engines to be immediately brought up, but, before any of the horses had been put to another telegram was received that the engines were not wanted—that there was no fire. In the western annexe a steam travelling crane is used to assist in moving heavy weights. The boiler and furnace are placed upon a frame fitted with wheels, which run along the metal tramways. By some means the crane, with boiler and furnace attached, fell off the travelling stage. The engineer who was in charge has clung to the engine and turned off the steam, which, escaping in immense quantities into the annexe, and the red glare of the furnace being seen through the steam, led to the very natural opinion that if not the building at least some of its contents were on fire, or that some explosion, which might lead to such a casualty, had taken place. Fortunately no damage occurred beyond the breaking of the crane and its working parts; the escape of the steam prevented any explosion of the boiler, and the small amount of coke in the stove-hole was very easily withdrawn. No injury was sustained by any of the workmen, nor was the slightest portion of the building burned; indeed, at the spot where the accident occurred, there was no woodwork within a considerable distance. The crane capsized on the spot where the monster ingots and castings of steel, from the manufactory of Mr. Krupp, of Berlin, were exhibited.

On Saturday intelligence was received of the total loss of the English schooner *Caroline*, of Salcombe, and all hands with the exception of one. It appears that she sailed from Great Yarmouth on the 22nd ult., for Leghorn, and on the 3rd inst. she struck on a reef near Sainte Petre, a few miles to the westward of Cadix, and almost immediately capsized. She soon began to break up, and the master, Captain White, his mate, and six hands were drowned, only one of the crew being saved.

On Monday night a fire broke out shortly before nine o'clock at the shellfish warehouse of Mrs. Page, 413, one of the oldest wooden houses with projecting upper storeys which still remain in the Strand. The flames were first discovered issuing from the second floor front, and the intelligence was instantly communicated to the Chandos-street Fire Brigade Station just by. The powerful steam land engine of this establishment was promptly on the spot, but not before the flames had gained an irresistible hold over the building. The danger at one period appeared to be so imminent as to threaten the safety of the Adelphi Theatre, between which and the flames there intervened only the premises (412) of Messrs. Batt, Rutley, and Silverlock, seed merchants, where a large quantity of dry combustible materials were stored. Finding this to be the case, Mr. Webster and Mr. Smith, with praiseworthy promptitude, instructed Mr. Phillips, the stage manager, to announce to the audience that in consequence of the danger apprehended the performances would be suspended and the theatre cleared, and to request that, as there was no immediate danger, they would leave as quietly as possible. Accordingly the boxes, pit, and gallery were cleared by the aid of a division of the F. police in a perfectly safe and orderly manner. The fire was effectually extinguished before ten o'clock.

On Monday morning, a shocking and fatal accident occurred to a man named Robert Wooddy, aged fifty-four years, a blacksmith, who lost his life by falling into a cistern of boiling liquor. It appears that the deceased was engaged in making some repairs in the refinery of Messrs. Martineau and Co., Christian-street, St. George's-in-the-East, and while walking along a plank, he slipped and fell into the boiling liquid. The screams of the poor fellow were fearful, and a man named Thomas Slates, a fellow-workman, on hearing his cries, ran to his assistance, and dragged him out of the cistern, when it was ascertained that he was extensively scalded over the whole of the body and limbs. A surgeon was immediately called, but the injuries were of such a frightful character that it was deemed necessary to remove the sufferer to the accident ward of the London Hospital, where he expired shortly after his admission. The deceased, who has left a wife and family, resided at Lambeth.

On Monday, Colonel Yolland, the Government Inspector of Railways, officially inspected the whole length of the London Underground line. He was accompanied by a number of gentlemen interested in the undertaking, among whom were Mr. Denton, Mr. Johnston, and several distinguished engineers, &c. The inspection commenced at the Paddington end of the railway and occupied about four hours, during which time a trip was made to the City terminus at Farringdon-street, the engine attached to the train (which consisted of first and second class carriages) being driven by Mr. H. Gooch. The various signals and points were well tested and examined, and the train propelled backwards and forwards for this purpose at different rates of speed. During the progress of the train through the tunnel a gas jet was projected from the side of the guard's brake-van, displaying every portion of the roof of the tunnel, and thus allowing a thorough examination of its condition.

On Monday morning an inquiry was held by Mr. H. Raffles Walther, the deputy coroner, at the Black Horse Tavern, Kingsland-road, respecting the death of a female child. It appeared from the evidence that as a Miss Matilda Rotherer was proceeding along Farring-street, New North-road, on the evening of the Thursday previous, she was startled by hearing something fall upon the pavement. Upon turning round she saw a woman who had on a white straw bonnet with red ribbons, and who was about thirty years of age, standing within a yard of her beside a brown paper parcel. Upon seeing herself discovered by witness her face became pale from fright, and she turned and ran with great speed over the Rosemary Branch Canal-bridge. The police were called, and they found the parcel to contain the body of a female child, wrapped up in a mousseline de laine apron. The medical evidence showed clearly that the child had been born alive, and afterwards murdered by a hand having been placed over its mouth. There was a severe bruise on the side of the mouth. The jury returned the following verdict: "That deceased child was wilfully murdered by some person or persons unknown, and the jurors recommend that the parish authorities should offer a reward for the detection and apprehension of the guilty parties."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

Tim Pays is instructed to deny *en masse* a series of bad news from Mexico given in various European journals. Among other things it asserts that there is no foundation for the report, circumstantially related in the *Times* a few days ago, that a reserve was about to be formed at Martinique. *Buller's correspondence*, more careful, speaks of this rumour as "premature." A Belgian journal has, it seems, stated that the Government of Washington had refused to place two thousand mules purchased for General Forey leave New York. To this the *Pays* answers that the two thousand mules in question have arrived in Vera Cruz.

RUSSIA.

At a recent reception given by the Emperor of Russia to the nobles at Moscow, his Majesty addressed them as follows:—

"It is particularly agreeable to me, gentlemen, to see you assembled in our ancient capital, which is doubly dear to me as it was my cradle. I am satisfied to be able to repeat to you what I said to the nobles of Novgorod on the day of the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of the Russian Empire. I am accustomed to place my confidence in the sentiments of devotion of our nobility—an unshaken devotion to the Throne and to the country, of which it has so often given proofs by its acts, especially at periods of sad trials for our country, as was only recently the case. I am sure, gentlemen, that our nobility will continue to be the most firm support of the Throne, as it always has been and ought to be. This is why I put my trust in you, gentlemen, in your unanimity in aiding me in everything which tends to the welfare and power of our country. May God aid us in this task, and may His blessing be with us! And you, gentlemen, members of the nobility of Moscow, know that I hold it a special honour to be one of you as proprietor of this province. I thank you for your cordial welcome, which I know how to appreciate."

This appeal of the Emperor to the nobles produced a great effect upon the assembly.

MEXICO.

Advices received at New York from Vera Cruz state that the French had occupied Jalapa. A fight had occurred at National-bridge. The Mexicans were routed, and the French captured their commanding officer. 8,000 French troops were to occupy Sonora. General Forey had issued another proclamation, declaring that he had not come to fight the Mexican people, but only the Mexican Government, whose incapacity had placed Mexico in a deplorable position.

AMERICA.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

Mr. Lincoln's Message to Congress is principally occupied with the question of negro emancipation. He does not in terms abandon his proclamation of emancipation in Confederate States by the 1st of January, but proposes another scheme inconsistent with and antagonistic to it. He recommends a Convention of all the States to revise the Constitution, and to provide for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in all the States before the year 1900, compensation to be granted for all slaves known to be in existence at the census of 1860, unless the owners shall have forfeited their property by rebellion. All slaves who by the chance of war shall have made their way within the lines of the Federal army are declared free, but loyal owners are to be compensated on proof of their loyalty. The President recommends Congress to consider a project for the voluntary deportation of the negro race beyond the limits of the republic. President Lincoln then enters into a long and earnest argument to prove that the adoption of these amendments to the Constitution are politic on the grounds of justice, economy, and interest, and as a means which cannot fail to restore the Union. He, however, says that—

"The plan is recommended, not but that a restoration of the national authority would be accepted without its adoption. Nor would the war nor the Emancipation Proclamation be stayed because of the recommendation of this plan; but its timely adoption would no doubt bring restoration, and thereby stay these proceedings. This plan would secure peace more speedily, and cost less, than if force alone is relied upon. Many objections may present themselves, but the question is, can anything better be imagined or done?"

The Message concludes by saying that—
"Other means may succeed—this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, and just—a way which it followed, the world will for ever applaud, and God must for ever bless."

The *New York Herald* thinks that the Radical party in Congress will not listen to President Lincoln's proposed amendment to the Constitution.

The *New York World* supports the President's plan. The *Commercial Advertiser* is surprised that President Lincoln's Message totally ignores all military and naval sacrifices, and observes that it contains not one word of sympathy for the past or cheer for the future.

The *New York Times* says that the President's proposal will not receive universal assent, and thinks it doubtful whether Congress will pass the amendment.

The report of the Federal Secretary of War has been published. It states that the Federal army at present numbers 800,000 fully armed and equipped men. When the quotas are filled the army will number 1,000,000 men.

The reports of the Secretary of the Navy says that the Federal naval force consists of 373 steamers and 101 sailing vessels, carrying in all 3,283 guns. The Secretary of the Navy refers to the depredations of the steamer *Alabama*, and says:—

"The *Alabama* went forth from England to destroy American shipping, and how far and to what results this abuse may be carried with impunity to the Government which tolerates it, is matter of grave consideration. This lawless cover, though built in and sailing from England, has no acknowledged flag or recognized nationality. Before the *Alabama* left England, the British authorities were informed by the recognized official agents of the Federal Government of her character and purposes. The British Government thus invoked, came too late to prevent her sailing. To what extent, under these circumstances, the British Government is bound in honour and justice to make indemnification for the destruction of private property, is a question which may present itself for disposal. It is alluded to now from a sense of duty towards American commercial interests, and from the fact that recent intelligence indicates that other vessels of similar character are fitting out in England."

General Halleck's report on the state of military affairs reviews the history of the war for the last four months, and is severely condemnatory of General McClellan. General FitzJohn Porter is on trial at Washington for not obeying General Pope's orders. During the trial a letter was read from General McClellan, written during Pope's campaign, urging General Porter to give his whole support to General Pope for the sake of the country.

The subscriptions for Lancashire have already reached £8,000. The British residents are also raising a subscription. The Chamber of Commerce of New York city has held a meeting to take measures for the relief of the distress in Lancashire. Some members thought that perhaps by inaugurating this movement, some national vanity and enmity to England might be attributed to the

Provincial News.

WILTSHIRE—CHARGE AGAINST A CLERGYMAN.—At the Pewsey (Wills) Petty Sessions, the Rev. Herbert Williams, curate of Tidcombe and Fensbury, was brought up charged with an indecent assault. It appeared from the statement of the prosecutrix, a respectable girl of seventeen, that she is in service at the house of a Mr. Barnes, where the prisoner has occasionally resided. On the 26th of November last, he, the girl, and the child he was nursing, were alone in the parlour. All the inmates had gone out. The prisoner kissed the girl, and committed an indecent assault. Mrs. Barnes returned about nine o'clock, when the girl told her what had happened. She informed her father on the following day. The latter went to see the prisoner at dinner-time, when he said that if he had done wrong he was sorry for it, and wished to be forgiven. The magistrates (Mr. T. E. Fowle and the Rev. J. H. Gale) committed the prisoner for trial at the next Quarter Sessions at Devizes, allowing him £104, and two sureties in £50 each. The prisoner was removed in the custody of the police. He is a married man with one child.

OXFORDSHIRE—GAWOTTING AT OXFORD.—Two cases of gawotting have taken place in Oxford, and we regret to state that in each case the miscreants remain at present undiscovered. The other evening, about ten o'clock, Mr. Bellamy, bookbinder, was returning home, and when in Queen's-lane a fellow tried to grope him; a scuffle ensued, and both went down together, but the ruffian finding that he had rather an ugly customer to deal with, ran away, and Mr. Bellamy hastened to the University Police-court, covered with mud, and gave the necessary information, but the fellow could not be found. The other case happened on the next evening, in the most daring manner possible. Mrs. Vallis, the landlady of the Coach and Horses, Queen-street (one of the principal thoroughfares in Oxford), had occasion to go out of her back door to the adjoining court about nine o'clock in the evening, when on her return she was hustled by two men, forced into her own parlour, garrotted by one, and robbed of a few shillings by the other. This daring robbery was accomplished while her husband was at the bar, and several customers were smoking in the tap-room. Mrs. Vallis was a good deal hurt, and remains very unwell.

WARWICKSHIRE—A PASSENGER KILLED AT A RAILWAY STATION.—An accident of a fatal character occurred at the New-street Railway Station, Birmingham. The seven p.m. train for Derby starts from the Midland platform, at the extreme end of which are the urinals and closets. Just at this point the platform runs down level with the line, and there is a little crossing with rails and a turn-table. The train was started a few yards behind this, and when it had moved on and was still going slowly, a man in some way got between the carriages of the train and was run over. The only person who saw the accident can but say that he saw deceased fall, but whether from the platform or the foot-board of a carriage he did not see. The only supposition that can be made as to the way in which the accident occurred is, that the deceased had gone into the water-closet, and having miscalculated the time, found that when he came out the train was moving, and that he ran forward, and either stumbled or fell between the carriages, or having taken hold of a carriage, and got on the foot-board, he in some way slipped down. However this may have been, the unfortunate man got under the wheels of the carriages, and the whole of the train passed over him. The body was frightfully mangled and cut, and the neck was dislocated and both arms broken. Death must have been instantaneous. From letters found on the person of deceased it appears that his name is Richard Gibson, and that he is a cattle dealer, living at Castle Bromwich, to which place he has a railway ticket in his pocket. He is between sixty and seventy years old.

YORKSHIRE—APPREHENSION OF A RUNAWAY SECRETARY.—John Hastie, late secretary of the Doncaster Building Society, was brought up at the Doncaster Borough Police-court, before Mr. William Sheardown, charged with defrauding the society of a large sum of money, amounting to at least 4,000*l.*, and appropriating the same to his own use. Mr. Smith (Messrs. Smith and Atkinson) was instructed to prosecute. The prisoner was defended. Hastie, who for many years has occupied a respectable position in the town, taking advantage of the great confidence reposed in him defrauded the society of a sum which was at first supposed to be between 2,700*l.* and 2,800*l.*, but which has since been found to exceed 4,000*l.* The directors decided, with the consent of the shareholders, to accept a bill of assignment from Hastie, and it was understood that on his signing the deed by which the sum of 2,400*l.* was obtained, no legal proceedings would be taken. Still further defalcations transpiring, a warrant for his apprehension was taken out, and served upon the prisoner at Hackney, London, as he was leaving the residence of his nephew. Mr. Smith called Mr. Thomas Wood, the present secretary of the society, who stated that the defalcations amounted to more than 4,000*l.*, and he feared that this sum would not cover the loss that the shareholders would sustain. Mr. Smith applied for a remand, which was agreed to. The prisoner observed that he had drawn out a statement, which he had handed in to the superintendent of police, Mr. Gregory, and this would, he believed, place his transactions in a different light to what had been represented. The prisoner was remanded.

LANCASHIRE—BRUTAL ATTACK ON A WATCHMAN.—About one on Saturday morning an attempt at burglary was made at Worthington, about three miles north of Wigan, but the courageous conduct of a night watchman prevented the thieves carrying out their project. The place where the attempt was made is the Worthington Paper Mills, belonging to the firm of Messrs. J. and T. B. Crompton. The establishment is a very extensive one, and a night watchman is employed by the firm to patrol the premises. This man, named Edward Sandford, about the hour named above, was approaching the main entrance to the works, when he was suddenly pounced upon and attacked by a couple of men, armed with what would appear to have been stolen from an old barrel, and studded with old nails. A fierce struggle ensued, Sandford defending himself gallantly against the superior odds, but he was at last thrown to the ground, and, as far as we can at present learn, an attempt was made to pinion him. By this time, however, his calls for help had been heard, and the housekeeper at the residence of Mr. Rideout (the principal partner in the firm), close to the entrance gate, opened a window and screamed loudly for assistance. This soon arrived, and the brutal fellows were compelled to decamp, and unfortunately they succeeded in eluding all pursuit. The watchman was left in a sad condition. He was injured severely by blows from the staves, and his face presented a fearful spectacle, as the ruffians had kicked him on the head when he was upon the ground.

SUFFOLK—A MAN SHOT IN SUFFOLK.—An occurrence has taken place in the village of Westhorpe, Suffolk, which will be investigated before the local magistrates. It appears that Westhorpe comprises among its inhabitants a family named Shepherd, a father, a son, and a married daughter, whose husband's name is Wilding. Wilding is the man who was shot at, and his brother-in-law, John Shepherd, a young man about twenty-five years of age, is his alleged assailant. It is stated that about eleven p.m., on the 22nd of November, Wilding went home, and had a dispute with his father-in-law about domestic affairs, a violent altercation ensued, and the old man threatened to turn Wilding out of the house, taking up a poker or some other weapon, as if with the immediate intention of carrying out his intimation. Wilding grappled with the old man, and John Shepherd, the son, who had previously taken no part in the dispute, caught up a loaded gun, with which it is

alleged he fired at Wilding. The latter sustained an alarming injury in the thigh, in consequence of which he has since been in a critical state. It is expected that he will be able to make a deposition this week, and the accused, who has been in custody since the 23rd ult., will in consequence be brought up before the local magistrates. His defence is understood to be that he did not know the gun was loaded, and that it went off by accident when he took it up to defend his father against the attack which Wilding had made upon him.

STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH ROBBERS.

On Saturday night last, as a poor hard-working man, living near Lower Easton, was returning from the neighbourhood of St. George's, where he was on a "job," he met with an adventure which at the time threatened an empty cupboard for the ensuing week, besides the gratification of having a cracked skull. It appears that on his way home he had to pass through a somewhat lonely lane, where he was accosted by two men pretty well dressed, "as far as he could judge, it being rather dark just there." Having taken stock of their victim, and made some inquiries as to his "whereabouts," they gave him to understand pretty plainly that he must "stand and deliver." On his very naturally expostulating with them, the taller man "pulled out what appeared uncommon like a life-preserver;" while flourishing which, in a very artistic manner, the other informed him that if he did not "tip over the dibs he would blow his d—brains out." The poor man, no doubt with thoughtful solicitude as to consequences, after some little demur, handed over his week's wages, amounting to 15*s.*; but at the same time begging them, for the sake of his wife and little ones at home, "to give him two or three shillings to buy a bit of bread and meat for Sunday." To this they assented, the shorter of the two uttering an exclamation not agreeable to ears polite, at the same time, both making a step towards departure. However, they were not doomed to make so easy and profitable a job, as the sequel will prove, for the plundered man still pertinaciously prayed they would return him two or three shillings, and said he could not go home without a bit for the children. At last the man who had acted as "cashier" relented, and pushing his hand into his pocket pulled out, as he imagined at the time, five shillings, telling him to take it and be off. No sooner had the son of toil felt the coins in his hands, and deposited them safely in his pocket than he thought it high time to be about his business, fearing lest they should repent their "generosity," and set off at a pretty sharp pace, anxious, as he asserts, to get out of such company. He had hardly reached "a hundred yards" when he heard one of his late assailants shouting out in "terrible wrath" for him to stop. This he did not feel inclined to do, but down the lane he went "full speed," while they, with hurried strides and loud imprecations, were in full pursuit. Wondering, no doubt, and frightened at his pursuers, it was with terrible anxiety he felt they were nearing him. It was some distance yet to the high road, and he was nearing a bend in the lane. A little further on he remembered there was a "bit o' by roadside ditch." With renewed energy he started, gained it, and threw himself "all four" into it. Scarcely had he done so when the two robbers passed. He heard one of them say, "We are done if we don't catch up." He lay there some time, intently listening for the returning footsteps. None striking upon his ear he determined upon making a "cut for it" for home, which he at last, after taking a circuitous route, reached. Wet he was, and frightened, when he presented himself to his better half, who was greatly alarmed at his appearance. Eagerly she listened to his account of the fray, and, Desdemona-like, "prayed he'd tell it o'er again." At last, after much mutual congratulation at his escape with life and limb, he thought ere to the "pecuniary," when, putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out five coins. They were too yellow for silver, and the woman's eye quickly caught the fact, and they moreover had the hard clear ring of gold. Imagine their exultation. Quickly was it noised abroad how the robbers had been done. They had clearly put their hands, in a benevolent mood, into the wrong pocket, containing the "yellow boys," and had discovered their blunder when their would-be victim was out of their reach.—*West's Daily Press*

TOTAL LOSS OF A TRURO SCHOONER WITH ALL HANDS, IN MOUNT'S BAY.

INTELLIGENCE was received at Helston on Saturday morning that a vessel had been wrecked during the previous night at Gunwalloe, and that the crew were all drowned. About eight o'clock on Friday night the wind suddenly rose, and two hours later a perfect gale was blowing from the south. Several vessels had been seen at sundown in the offing of the bay, all standing well out, and no lights were observed throughout the night by the Coastguard on the cliffs. At five o'clock in the morning a small hatchway was found on the sand, at Gunwalloe Church Cove, and at seven o'clock a young man, resident at the farmhouse near the church, saw a large piece of wreck in a small indent of the cliff, and at about ten o'clock, when the tide had ebbed, it was found to be about twenty feet of the middle of a schooner, with no timber of bow or stern attached; soon after this upwards of fifty persons were engaged breaking up the wreck, and from between the ribs taking out copper ore, the cargo of the unfortunate vessel. The spot where this bury work was going on is a gorge, with overhanging rocks eighty feet high on one side, and a sloping bank on the other of equal height. The wreck was jammed lengthwise between the sides, and left high and dry. A little further to the eastward is another indent, called Pike's Cove, having also very precipitous approaches, and here lay the after part of the vessel, together with heaps of fragments of timber. The stern lay nearly flat on the sand, but the word "Arwenack" was quite legible in white letters on a black ground. Two miles further still to the eastward, at Mullion Cove, a boat was seen by one of the Coastguard, outside the breakers, about eight o'clock, and shortly after he saw it capsize, and it was thrown ashore; with it were found four oars, and a south-wester hat, but nothing was seen of the sailors. Of course nothing was known positively at Gunwalloe on Saturday as to the destination of the Arwenack. It was conjectured she had left Falmouth Harbour on Friday, and in the gale had lost her masts when abreast of the Lizard, for none of the sails but a jib attached to the jibboom had been found. Had she not been disabled thus, she might have made Penzance without any difficulty. Her rudder was attached to the stern post when this portion came ashore. It is probable, when she became unmanageable, as a desperate chance, the poor sailors took to the boat rather than drift into the breakers with the ship with the certainty of losing their lives, but the exact manner in which they perished can never be disclosed, for not one remains to tell the melancholy tale. The bodies may not be found for some days, from the nature of the rocky bottom. It is likely the vessel drifted on one of the numerous crags or reefs outlying in the bay, and broke into three parts. Very little of the cargo will be saved, perhaps scarcely a ton. The place where the wreck came ashore is about two miles from where L'Union was wrecked on the previous Saturday, and about one mile from where the Italian barque Padre was lost on the 22nd January last, when all hands perished. Gunwalloe is about six miles from Helston, and about the same distance from Lizard Head. A schooner called the Arwenack is registered at the port of Truro, official number 17,148, 92 tons register. It is supposed that she loaded at Devoran with copper ore, and it is believed, belonged to Messrs. Holman and others, of Devoran.—*Western Morning News*

IMPORTING tea not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves, hence Horntman's tea is the purest cheapest, and best. Sold by 2,280 agents.—[Advt.]

CHRISTMAS EVE IN ALSACE

THE fetes connected with the celebration of the 25th of December are national institutions, not only in England, but also in France, Germany, and in other countries. In Alsace, and throughout Germany, as in many cases with us, the festivities assume more especially the form of juvenile treats. The custom arose, no doubt, from the words of Christ:—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." On Christmas Eve accordingly the children assemble in small parties, similar to the one depicted in our sketch, and received the rewards to which their good conduct and general behaviour entitle them. Toys of all shapes and sizes under the sun are given away to the deserving urchins. In many places there are histrionic performances represented before the children, with the view of encouraging the good in the paths of virtue and obedience, and deterring the unruly from a continuance in opposite courses. The bad children as well as the good are told that Michael the Hairy, or "Hans Trapp" as he is called in Alsace, will take the disobedient and treat them in a manner quite horrible for the juvenile mind to think of.

The origin of this name is curious, and dates as far back as the fifteenth century. In 1485 John Dratt, or Trott, an officer attached to the court of the Elector, was invested with the command of the castle of Baldestein, situated between Landrau and Wissembourg. Safe in his castle retreat, the officer in every possible way annoyed the people connected with the Abbey of Wissembourg. He imposed a tax on passengers, plundered the villages, and in every respect invaded the rights of the people. In short, he became the terror of the whole neighbourhood, and after his death parents inspired their children with fear by saying, "Beware of John Dratt." The name was altered from Dratt to Trapp; hence the origin of the celebrated Hans Trapp—the hairy figure represented in our sketch descending from his castle, to the no small dread of the assembled children. The other figures represented as distributing the toys and good things to the deserving youngsters, who are thus kept in a constant state of suspense between hope and fear. In this manner Christmas Eve is observed in Alsace.

LETTER FROM THE FEDERAL CAMP.

A CANADIAN, a Montrealer, writes on the 20th ult., from "near Port Edith Allan, Virginia."—"We left Maryland three weeks ago, and marched through Washington for this state, where we are now encamped in the midst of about 80,000 men of all branches—artillery, cavalry, and engineers. We are under marching orders, and on the *qui vive* to move. Our duties are pretty severe; day after day, from sunrise to sunset, digging trenches, rifle-pits, and building mud forts; and at night picket and guard duty. I have not had my clothes off for three months, lying on the bare ground with a blanket and cloak, and the weather now is pretty cold. We have had snow ten inches deep round our tents, and sickness is pretty prevalent among the troops, in the shape of jaundice, typhus fever, and dysentery. We have already lost a good many men; they do not stand the cold so well as would be expected, considering they come from a Northern climate; the fact is that most of the men left comfortable homes for fear of being draughted, and have not been used to the night exposure. The dew is extremely heavy, besides great falls of rain that we get here, with boisterous winds. The other night I awoke with my tent on the top of me, and nearly half a foot of water under me. However, as yet I have been fortunate enough to escape sickness. Our food at present is very indifferent, and short allowance. We have as yet received no pay since enlistment, and no immediate prospect of getting any. The whole system of carrying on the war has been shameful, and now it appears that those in authority have been playing into the hands of the rebels, assisting them with provisions and clothing that properly belonged to our forces. The army appears to be thoroughly disheartened, and desertions continually take place. I expect by the time the winter over, if something effectual does not take place, two-thirds of the army will desert, or lay down their arms. I am writing this on my knees, so you must make allowance for its deficiencies. The country about here looks fearfully desolate—all the timber laid waste, country places deserted, and the soil running waste with vegetation."

CORONATION OF KING RADAMA OF MADAGASCAR.

THE *Monitor* contains the following details respecting the coronation of King Radama of Madagascar:—

"News from Madagascar, under date of October, acquaint us with the result of the embassy to King Radama, on the occasion of his coronation, with which the envoys of France and England were charged. The ceremony took place at Tananariva, the capital of the island, on the 22nd September. It was preceded by a solemn mass, during which the royal crown, presented by the Emperor Napoleon, was consecrated. The King was crowned upon the Champs de Mars. In the centre is the sacred stone which supported the throne. The King wore a magnificent cloak given to him by the Emperor, and the Queen wore a mantle and a robe presented by the Empress. An immense crowd thronged the city and the neighbourhood of the Champs de Mars. In the evening there was a grand dinner and fireworks. The representatives of France and England met with the most cordial welcome, and they speak in the most flattering terms of the King and Queen. The best understanding has prevailed between them."

"The *Monitor* terminates its account by stating that a treaty of commerce, "upon the broadest basis, equally favourable to all nations," has been concluded, but that no allusion has been made to any concession of territory, as that might have occasioned grave difficulties." The French embassy quitted Tananariva on the 4th October, and embarked on the 17th at Tamalava, after having remained more than two months in Madagascar.

FOR A CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S GIFT, buy one of WILLIAMS' AND GIBBS' CELEBRATED NOISELESS SEWING MACHINES. No. 1, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C. Prospectuses on application.—(Advt.)

THE BULGARIANS.

The Bulgarians constitute in European Turkey the greater portion of the agricultural population. Their total number is estimated at 4,500,000, of whom 2,915,000 inhabit Bulgaria alone. Besides Bulgaria, they people the whole of Lower Moesia and the greater portion of the higher plains of Upper Moesia. They are found in great numbers, also, in the mountains which separate Kailari and Chatista, at Ostrowo; at Veria, between the Wodena and the Marizza, where they border on the Greek population. They inhabit many of the Thracian cantons, and are also found in the south-east of Servia. The main features of their religion correspond with the Greek Catholic creed, with a mixture borrowed from other rituals. In their church there are six archbishops and five bishops, whose principal seats are at Sophia, Tarnow, Shumla, Widdin, and Silistria.

The Bulgarians owe their origin to a Slavonic colony which established itself in Moesia, Thrace, and Illyria in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. This colony was invaded in 678 by a tribe of Finns, who, after many irruptions into the Greek empire and various exploits, established the kingdom of Bulgaria. The origin of this name is not definitively ascertained; but it is well known that, in accordance with the general rule established by historians, these Bulgarians were not slow in embracing the manners and religion of those whom they conquered, and that, at the beginning of the ninth century, the two races were completely amalgamated.

In the absence of other proofs, their language shows that their origin is similar to that of the Russians, though they give fewer traces of their mixture with Tatar nations. Their physical constitution resembles that of other Slavonic tribes. They have generally a very brown complexion, dark eyes, and an aquiline nose. They shave the head, with the exception of a portion of the crown, where the hair is allowed to grow to a great length, and falls in tresses on their shoulders, after the Hungarian fashion. They cultivate their moustaches, like all the Christian subjects of the empire; but the old men wear their beards also, a custom which does not prevail among the Greeks. Their dress resembles that of the Slavonic peasants and Tatars—a fur cap; a jacket made of coarse cloth; trousers, worn according to the Turkish fashion, of the same material; a large girdle of blue or brown wool; and sandals, made of untanned hides, which are fastened with long straps bound round the legs, almost as high as the knee. Our accompanying engraving, however, will give a better idea than any verbal description of the Bulgarian costume.

Notwithstanding their savage dress and their wild, strongly-marked traits of character, the Bulgarians have a most agreeable physiognomy; it expresses a sweetness, a humility, and a certain indifference to cares, which they never lose even in the midst of their greatest hardships. The most salient trait of their character is, indeed, a patience which nothing can disconcert. Accustomed from their infancy to bear everything without complaining, to obey implicitly imperious masters, they appear to have no other virtue save obedience, or other desire save that of working without ceasing. Peaceable and laborious as the beasts of burden, insensible alike to punishment and ill treatment, they know of no better fate than that of being harnessed for life to the same yoke. Industrious, sober, active, incapable of fatigue, no material obstacle discourages them, no task however arduous, nor seasons the most inclement, disconcert them. They are capital horsemen, good agricultural labourers, daring hunters, and one would think that with these qualities they would be just the race to furnish courageous soldiers; nevertheless, so great is the influence of slavery on races, that they are now anything but bold and defiant, but bow their head in the dust before the Turk. The true Bulgarian is seldom found in the army of the Sultan; the great majority of them, as already stated, are agricultural labourers, and the rest are engaged in trade and commerce. They succeed particularly well as proprietors of *khan*s or innskeepers, and as carriers of merchandise. In this immense country, where there are no navigable rivers, it is the Bulgarian chiefly who carries, on his small waggon of primitive construction, harnessed by buffaloes, the goods from one town to another.

At present, when the political struggles in those parts of Turkey inhabited by Christians again attract the attention of the civilized world, we have considered it a matter of general interest to give some description of the characteristic traits of the formerly so warlike and now so peaceable race, which has for centuries played an important part in the affairs of Eastern Europe; we, therefore, think that our engravings, which are very truthful, and give a good idea of the Bulgarians, will be welcomed by not a few of our readers.

THE FEARFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION
NEAR BARNSELEY.

In last week's issue of the *Illustrated Weekly News* appeared some particulars of the terrible explosion at the Edmond main colliery, near Barnsley, whereby about sixty persons are known to have perished. This week we give an illustration of that event, together with some recent particulars concerning it.

During the whole of the Tuesday night following the calamity, the workmen were busily engaged in making the trench from the old dyke to the mouth of the colliery, to let in the water, the pit being on fire. On Wednesday, at noon, the work had proceeded so far that the water flowed for some distance, but it was not expected that the trench would be completed before late at night. A number of men were engaged in preparing the material for sealing up the works. The discontent that manifested itself so strongly on Tuesday night was not allayed on the following morning. A great number of colliers and their friends were gathered about the pit, and were not backward in expressing their discontent at not being allowed to go down and see the state of affairs, and, if possible, recover some of the bodies. Colonel Cobbe, the chief constable of the West Riding, was at a pit, with a number of policemen, ready to act in case of necessity; but happily none arose. The proprietors of the mine had resolved to place the whole management of the pit during the operations for subduing the fire and recovering the bodies in the hands of Mr. Mitchell, the managing partner, and Mr. Brown, of the firm of Brown and Jefferies, mining engineers, Barnsley and Sheffield. Mr. Charles Morton, the Government inspector, and Mr. R. E. Maddison, of the Worsborough Park Collieries, consulted with these gentlemen, and fully approved of all that had been done. In the face of the discontent manifested it was deemed prudent to take the opinion of several other experienced engineers; and accordingly, Mr. W. A. Potter, of Monk Bretton; Mr. Peecher, of Thorncliffe; Mr. Pease, of Darfield Main; and Mr. John Chambers, jun.



BULGARIAN COSTUMES.

of Chapel-town, met the other engineers and Mr. Morton at the colliery office, and had a long consultation. They heard the evidence of Mr. John Walton, the underground steward at Darley Main Collieries, a man of great experience, and nearly the last man to leave the mine, and they were unanimously of opinion that the only safe course was to put water into the pit and fill up the dip-boards and engine plane to the low dip levels. The part of the mine in which the explosion occurred is the lowest level; from the bottom of the shaft to that point the strata dip rapidly and the workings consequently are on a considerable incline. Water poured into the mine by the shaft will, therefore, find its way directly to the part of the mine where the fire exists, and that part being filled, it will not be necessary to put in any more water. Only a very small portion of the mine will be flooded, and every gallon that goes in will have to be drawn out again at considerable expense. The mine is a very dry one, or by this time the part on fire would have been under water. That it is not so is proved by

the issue of smoke and watery vapour from the cupola shaft. The engineers having decided to let in water, it was resolved also to see a deputation of the workmen, and explain to them the position of affairs. Six men, representing not only this colliery, but also other collieries in the district, who had volunteered to go into the pit, were accordingly introduced to the gentlemen in consultation. They were told that it was impossible for any human being to proceed to a greater distance from the bottom of the shaft down the engine plane than about 150 yards, in consequence of the ventilation being destroyed, and the existence at that point of smoke and after-damp. Any attempt to restore the ventilation until the fire is extinguished could only have the effect of producing another explosion more violent than the previous ones, for the current of air would fan the fire into a flame and would also drive the explosive gas upon it. In an attempt to restore the ventilation on Monday several lives were lost, and that circumstance made the engineers unwilling to risk the recurrence of a similar catastrophe. The men, after hearing these explanations, left the office apparently better satisfied to abandon any attempt to go down the pit, and they promised to explain matters to the men outside. The female relatives of these in the meantime became extremely excited, and would have urged on the men to acts of violence. Fortunately the crowd were divided in opinion as to the propriety of allowing an exploring party to descend. There were, however, mutterings of discontent to be heard among the spectators throughout the day, but the excitement that had marked the morning rapidly subsided. About one o'clock Mr. Morton left, and as threats had been used towards him, was thought prudent to escort him to his carriage by a body of police, but no attempt was made to molest him.

An extraordinary case, exhibiting the deeply religious sentiment which influences the colliers, is worth repeating. An old man, a member of the Wesleyan body, together with his two sons, were employed at the pit. Before going to work, the father said he felt a presentiment of danger, and they, therefore, engaged in prayer. The alarmed and anxious feeling continuing, prayer was again offered, the old man remarking, "Let us ask the Lord to protect us." Having concluded their devotions, they went to the pit, working near to each other. After some time one of the boys observed smoke coming along the passage and rushing to his father informed him that he saw a "wisp" of smoke coming up. The old man, seeing the danger, ran to a corve which was just being sent up, leaving his clothes below, except the trousers he was wearing, which he joined by his sons, and the three were drawn up to the surface before the explosion.

Incidents are still related of the touching manifestation of sorrow by female relatives of those dead in the mine. Early on the Friday morning a poor woman, was seen approaching the pit. After waiting for a time near the draw shaft, she went to the cupola, thinking she was unobserved, and through the temporary opening that had been made in the brick chimney that rises above the shaft, gazed into the darkness, though her eyes could penetrate the darkness and see the bodies below. She was accosted by one of the neighbours, a good-hearted countryman, who asked if she had lost any relative. She replied that her father, husband, and son were dead in the mine. She still lingered about the shaft, and appeared in such distress that her interrogator almost feared to leave her.

THE POPE AND ENGLISH LADIES.

The following is an extract of a private letter from Rome:—"Please be very careful what you write just now. The Pope is in a very rabid state, and I am told the Pope is especially enraged against English women, whom he declares to be his worst enemies. At first he said he would send off all who had visited Garibaldi at La Spezia, he has been persuaded out of that measure, which would reduce the number of *forestieri* here considerably. You will have heard of the opening of the Naples Railway. The Pope was bribed by the company to allow it, but has contrived to neutralize the boon by ordering such strict passport regulations that scarcely any one can get leave to go. He would allow a select few to have passports out of the numerous applicants, and orders equally stringent have been given to his representative at Naples. The stipulation that on the frontier passengers must get out and walk over the bridge, lest the amalgamation of the blood of the Italian with that of the Roman engines should infect his with Liberalism, I suppose. He is quite right after all. Steam would do more to stop bridge and settle the Roman question against him than Garibaldi could ever have done. You will be sorry to hear that our poor friend Madame — is arrested, also her husband, with a friend to whom they have their apartments. It seems the police searched her house, and found some photographs of Garibaldi, which had just been sent to her, and some letters to her husband from his brother in London, which must be alluded to politics. She is confined in a convent, under very strict order, in a damp little cell, with a grated window, without fire, and only the very coarse food, such as would require some training to swallow by those unaccustomed to such fare. At first her girl was with her, but finding how unhealthy a place it was her mother sent her back, and she has not been allowed to see her. They will not allow friends to bring her food, but they have permitted her to bring her a mattress and blanket. The husband is in a common prison, and his friend in another. Mr. Matteucci for them, but without any result. And all this is done before any trial is allowed them, or any definite charge brought against them. It is sickening! I feel so disgusted with the Pope and the Government I am half inclined to go away, and I should not be in the least surprised if I were ordered off."



BULGARIAN COSTUMES.

BAPTISM OF MORMONS.—It will scarcely be credited but the veracity of our informant—who was an eyewitness to the spectacle—is undoubted, that at the inclement season of the year the Mormons have baptizing their disciples in the sea at Hendon. Sunday afternoon, when walking along the beach below the New Gas Works, he came upon a damp dripping batch of these "Latter Day Saints," such, he says, they told him was their correct denomination, and not Mormons—the name mentioned him when he asked one or two of them if they longed to that body. The disciples were found in number, of both sexes, the men being mostly young, and evidently of the class of unskilled workmen. An "elder" from Utah (so 'twas conducted the business of the afternoon.—*Sunday Herald*.)

THE LATE MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

We recently announced the death of that eminent dramatist, Mr. S. Knowles in his 79th year. His long retirement from the stage and from dramatic authorship has to some extent severed the link which bound him to the present generation of playgoers, and he has enjoyed the somewhat doubtful advantage of seeing himself become a "classic" in his own life. But his benefactions to the cause of dramatic literature were of no trifling kind, and are much more likely to be under than over-estimated, from their solid merit and worth, and their entire freedom from some of the flashy and more meretricious incidents which secure an adventitious popularity for flimsier works. Mr. Knowles was not a brilliant dramatist—he was barely a poet; his dialogue is in many parts feeble to a degree, is frequently disfigured by affectation of the grossest kind; his verse is rugged, and often no better than halting prose; and yet, in spite of these serious defects, and that the entire mine of his works scarcely yields half-a-dozen poetic sentences, apart from their setting, we consider him undoubtedly one of the greatest dramatists since Goldsmith, Congreve, Wycherly, and Dryden, and a host of others in the scale, but we hate none of our deference for the genius of the dramatist we have so recently lost. He was in truth a dramatist, as distinguished from a playwright or a poet. If the language of Virgilius lacked ideal elevation, if it was in parts turgid, destitute of imagery, in parts feeble and common-place, there was still a character created whose outline was well filled, of dignified moral attributes, fine human emotions, and withal no mere puppet or bare outline, but a man. Similarly, though the story of "The Innchback" is most absurd, the plot complicated and clumsy, the fatherly love of Master Walter, the natural emotions which divide his daughter's heart, and his earnest sincerity of Clifford, as well as the minor characters of Modus and Helen, are thoroughly true to nature, authentic and legitimate, judged by the strictest tenets and rules of art. The delineation of a manly character in all his most successful dramas is superior to that of any other dramatist save Shakspeare. Mr. Knowles was ever eminent as an actor. He once shared the leading business at Covent Garden Theatre, playing Virgilius, Tell, &c.; but without creating any great effect.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE.—A most interesting spectacle was presented at the Anover Square Rooms on Friday evening. Some fifty or sixty young ladies were assembled upon a platform, to favour with a concert an admiring audience with which the hall was crowded. The pieces were tastefully and judiciously selected from the compositions of Mendelssohn, Scher, Auber, Mozart, Thalberg, &c. The performances were all excellent: the proficiency of the young ladies, both on the piano and chorus, reflected the highest credit on their preceptors. But what was the occasion of the concert? and who were these interesting performers? It was the annual soiree of St. Mark's College—an excellent establishment for young ladies, situate No. 14, St. Mark's-square, Regent's-park, and now occupying a position amongst the private educational institutions of the metropolis. The proprietress, Mrs. Shallis, is a lady of great talent and experience; and under such able auspices, the fair pupils could do otherwise than attain a degree of proficiency, not only in music, but likewise in every other department of education. The news from Japan is unsatisfactory. The Emperor confesses inability to avenge the recent murder of an Englishman, and applied to the British minister for assistance. It is said that a solution is going on in Jeddo. The cholera is also virulent in that capital. The celebrated novelist Charles Dickens is in Paris, and proposes to pass the winter there," says a correspondent of the *Nord*. It is said that he intends to organize in that city a series of readings from his own works, the proceeds of which will be devoted to Lancashire operatives. These readings, as is well known, are very popular in England.

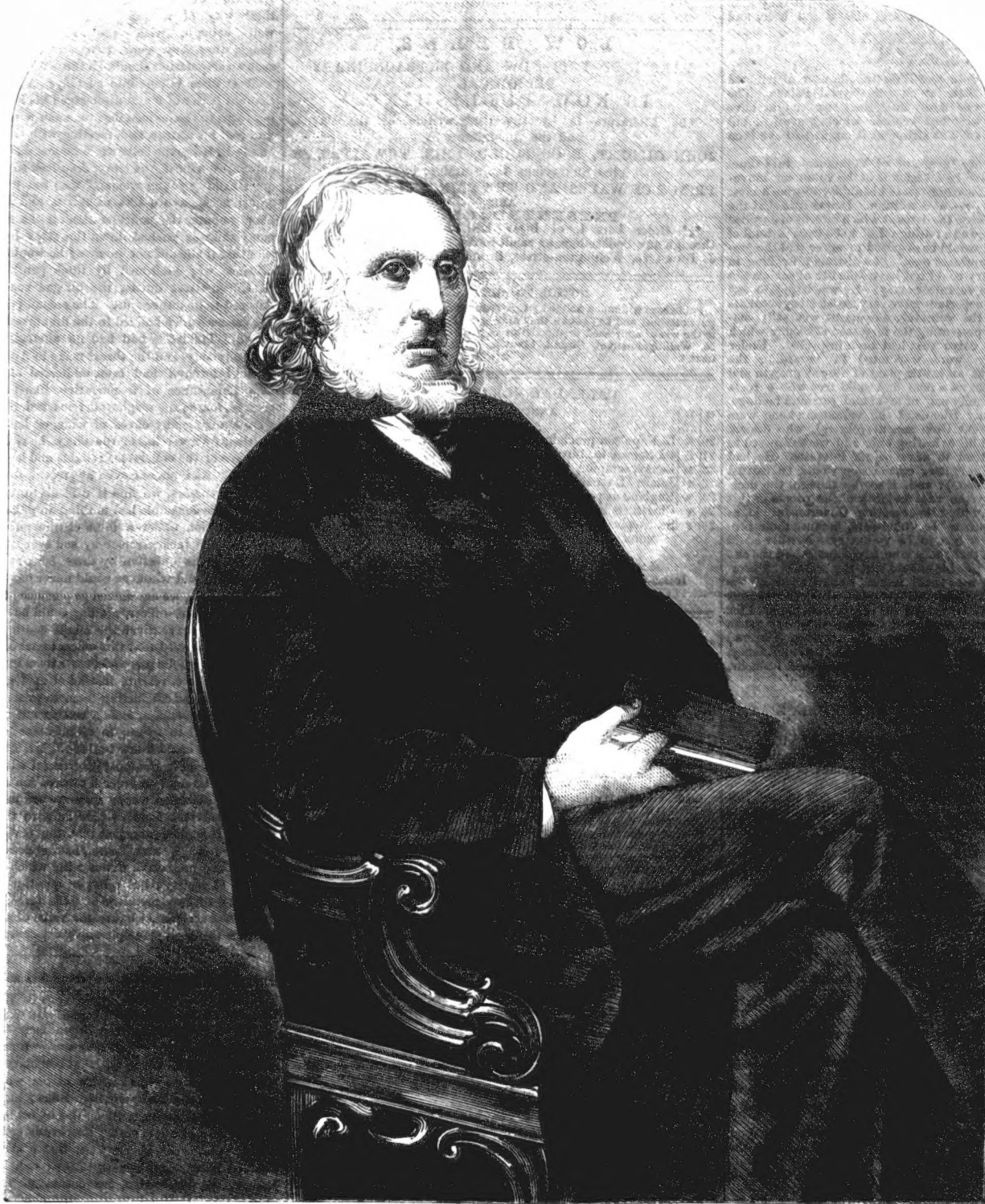
CONVICT LIFE AT PORTLAND.

The *Times* publishes the following description of convict life at Portland:—

"There are always from 1,400 to 1,600 convicts at Portland, mostly working in gangs by themselves, but now and then in close proximity to groups of free labourers. You know at once when you are coming upon the ground mostly worked by the former; on all the steep headlands and high commanding bluffs which are being scarped into perpendicular walls for the fort of this Channel Gibraltar stalk the tall figures of the warders all around. There is nothing of the listless routine of sentry duty about these men. They carry their rifles ready, and seem all eyes and ears as they scan the ground beneath them, like eager sportsmen looking for a shot. Passing through two or three lines of such vigilant 'look-outs' is rather impressing, and prepares the visitor to expect such scenes of labour and enforced toil among the convicts as would induce them to run some risk to escape. Nothing of the sort is, however, to be seen as you turn into the Old St. Paul's quarries, where some of the blocks rejected by Sir Christopher Wren are still upon the ground. Here, amid a number of old and rusty

and forbidding aspects—their low, narrow, retreating foreheads, keen, restless eyes, and vindictive animal features. This is not the mere effect of prejudice on seeing them as convicts. The type of the criminal head and face is well known in Portland and its neighbourhood. They may be recognised as a negro would be recognised in Boston. Of all the convicts in Portland now there are not five per cent. whom any man judging by their mere looks alone would ever think of trusting in a position requiring the exertion of sense or the forbearance of honesty. Some few among the number in these quarries work in heavy chains, in most quaint dresses of grey and yellow, and grey and black. The former are those who have tried to break away, the latter are ruffians who have used, or from their threats are known to intend violence to the warders. Both, however, clank about with a defiant swagger, as if their chains were honourable distinctions of their strength and courage, in which light there is but too much reason to believe they are also regarded by many of their fellow-prisoners. The work, indeed, would be hard work if fairly done, and there are some few, but very few, who really do work well and as if labour was a relief to them. But the great majority take matters very easy indeed, as

may be judged when five convicts kept at their work quarry only about as much stone in a day as two free labourers working for their hire. It is not suggestive of hard work to see a fellow put down a heavy hammer that he ought to be wielding lustily, and stop to swing his arms and clap his hands to keep himself warm. When this is the "hard labour" we can see at once why convicts do not dread it. When we come to know how they are nurtured and lodged in the prison in order that their strength may be kept up to the required standard for this imaginary hard labour which they are supposed to perform, we get a real light thrown upon the indifference with which penal servitude in this country is regarded, and gain a clue to the reason why it is that so large a proportion of ticket-of-leave men are, to say the least, not unwilling to return to the so-called 'penal servitude.' Perhaps, while the visitor is regarding this mockery of work it may begin to rain; at once the mimic toil ceases and the convicts are marched off in gangs to sheds erected for the purpose, where they are carefully sheltered from the weather and can look out with complacency upon the free labourer, who, having himself and his family to keep, must stay and bear whatever heaven sends, wet or dry, hot or cold. The contrast between the condition of the two, however, by no means ends here. The comforts that are denied to misery, though proffered to crime, have been an old theme of invective ever since the new convict 'system' came into operation. At no part of England, however, is the superior condition of the convict, as compared with that of the honest labourer, brought side by side into such startling contrast as at Portland. When twelve o'clock comes in the works at the Verne, the free labourer, who has done more



MR. JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

cranes, on the hills overlooking the sea, a large body of the convicts are at work, in gangs of twenty-five or thirty, each gang having its own warder, who, by the way, has fifteen hours' work to the convicts' nine or ten. The prisoners require no pointing out, their dress, their closely shaven aspect, their hard, firm, ruddy, healthy look, like pugilists in condition for a fight, and, above all, their slow, lazy style of working, or rather moving, which contrasts so strangely with the busy energy and speed of the free workmen near at hand, all show them at a glance to be 'penal servitudes' at 'hard labour.' Here are men of every grade of infamy and crime, men who were once clerics, merchants, and even commissioned officers, down to poachers, burglars, murderers, and that worst and most inveterate of all ruffians, who has been insured to every form of punishment known to the law short of hanging—the true London criminal. Some few are employed in platelaying, some in blacksmiths' shops, some at masons' or bricklayers' work upon the great fortifications of the Verne; but the main bulk are kept in the quarries. To nearly all, however, no matter how employed, the same remark applies as to light and slothful labours, and nearly all are alike in their vicious

quarrying than any two convicts that day, may be seen sitting down to his meal of bread and cheese, sometimes with a bit of dried fish or a tinpot of coffee, the latter generally unsweetened. The convict leaves off work at half-past eleven, and goes to his cell to wash, comb his hair, in fact make a little toilet before he sits down to his very ample dinner. The prison is wide and lofty in all the chambers and avenues, well lighted and well ventilated, yet kept comfortably warm, and, above all, so scrupulously clean that it is a comfort to look at it. While the 'hard-labour' men are making their toilets their dinners are carefully got ready, weighed out, and served smoking hot in bright clean tins, and at twelve o'clock each man comes forward with his gang, and receives every one his separate allowance. Their dinner three days a week is as follows:—One pint of soup properly seasoned, thickened with barley, rice, carrots, and onions, and equal in nutriment to any ever placed on a gentleman's table; five and a half ounces of cooked meat, free of bone; one pound of potatoes, and ten ounces of rich suet pudding. On three days a week the pudding is replaced with six ounces of bread, and on Sundays the meat is increased to six ounces. With this little dinner in his tin every man retires

which there is some possibility that the South may accept. If we could imagine that there was any such possibility, we should uphold Mr. Lincoln's prudence in trying to settle this question by a money payment. According to Mr. Chase's statement, Mr. Lincoln has already spent *eleven hundred millions of dollars* on this war, and he is no nearer the end than he was at the first. Now, if he had buy the whole four millions of slaves at an average price of five hundred dollars a head he would get them for two thousand millions, which would be less than the cost of four years' more war. If he can raise this money, and get this bargain, no one can doubt that it would be a better thing than four years' more war—and a much greater certainty. To the sober Western mind, bewildered in this pathless forest of figures, either alternative appears equally preposterous. That the Union should be restored by such a very simple process as this, and should emerge out of this great strife, steadied by a debt of some three thousand million of dollars, and purged from its curse of slavery, is, we are afraid, a dream.

The Court.

SUNDAY being the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen remained in complete seclusion. The Rev. Dr. Stanley performed Divine service before her Majesty and the royal family in her Majesty's apartment, and afterwards preached in the private chapel a sermon on the occasion before the Prince and Princess and household. Lieutenant-Colonel Du Plat has succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. D. de Ros in waiting on her Majesty.

Her Majesty and her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of Hesse walked and drove in the grounds of Windsor Castle on Tuesday morning. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Louis of Hesse rode, attended by Captain Grey. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur left the Castle on Tuesday morning, and returned to Greenwich Park, attended by Major Elphinstone.

TRIAL FOR MURDER, AND SENTENCE OF DEATH.

At the Oxfordshire Assizes, William Ockeld was placed at the bar on the charge above mentioned.

Mr. Richards and Mr. G. Griffiths appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Benson for the prisoner.

From the evidence adduced it appeared that the prisoner, aged about seventy, was a tailor, living at Oldbury, where he resided with his wife, Sophia, who was also about seventy years old. On the afternoon of Friday, November 7, and between three and four o'clock, Maria Grazebrook called at the prisoner's house, where she found him working at his trade, and his wife seated on the floor, apparently in great pain from an internal disease with which she had been for some time past afflicted. Maria offered to make her some tea, which, however, she declined on the ground of being too ill to drink it; upon which the prisoner observed, "Oh, yes—what she wants is to go to bed and keep me awake groaning all night as she did last night, but she shan't leave me awake again all night to-night." Maria Grazebrook shortly after left the house, and the next persons who saw the prisoner and his wife were Helen Ockeld and her husband, who called about seven, and helped to put the old woman to bed, leaving her, as they described it, apparently comfortable. At about nine o'clock the prisoner called at the Royal Oak public-house, drank a pint of beer, and told the landlady that his wife was very ill, that the doctor had been twice that day, and was to come again the next morning. A policeman, passing the prisoner's house about three, a.m., heard the prisoner abusing his wife violently and heard her groaning as it still in pain. A man named Bradley passed the prisoner's door about four, and also heard the prisoner abusing his wife in the former language, the wife exclaiming, "Oh Bill, you'll kill me, my head is ready to split." Nothing more was known of the prisoner's movements until the hour of half-past seven, when he again came to the Royal Oak and drank a pint of beer. The landlady asked him after his wife, whom he described as being as fit as the night before. "Oh," he replied, "I've laid her straight on the floor." The landlady exclaimed, "Why, she's not dead?" "Well," said the prisoner, "had she was, she got up yesterday afternoon, and was drinking at the Royal Oak with Jack Hadley." The prisoner then left the Royal Oak and went home. About half-past eight Maria Grazebrook called to inquire after the old woman, whom she found the prisoner at his table sewing. The prisoner told her the same story as he had told the landlady of the Royal Oak about his wife having been drinking with Jack Hadley, and coming home drunk, for which (he said) he had "given her a push on the mouth." He refused to allow Maria Grazebrook to go into the bedroom to see her; but Maria ran upstairs, and on the top of the stairs found the prisoner's wife lying dead, fearfully bruised, covered with blood, and dressed in nothing but a flannel petticoat and chemise. Some neighbours were called in and proceeded up-stairs, on their way they found some hair, which corresponded with deceased's hair, on the bottom of the stairs, and also observed that the chimney wall was smeared with blood. These persons, having seen the body, ran off for assistance, leaving Maria Grazebrook in the kitchen with the prisoner. He, however, immediately went up-stairs, and Maria heard a sound as of something being dragged along the floor, and the body which, when last seen, was upon the floor, was afterwards found lying upon the bed. Part of a mop handle, with the ferule attached, was observed lying on the table on which the prisoner had been at work, but the crowd of people who shortly filled the house on the report of the murder gave an opportunity of removing the mop handle, and it was not afterwards to be found. Mr. Ockeld, the surgeon of Oldbury, who had examined the body immediately upon being sent for on the Saturday, and who also made a post-mortem examination on Monday, Nov. 10, described in detail the nature of the wounds and injuries the deceased had received, and which, he said, were inflicted with some blunt instrument such as the mop handle described by the witnesses. The right cheek bone was badly bruised, and the right temporal muscle reduced to a state which was described as resembling liver. On removing the scalp blood to a large extent was found on the brain, which was, however, otherwise in a healthy state. Death was occasioned by extravasation of blood, arising from a vessel being ruptured by a blow from some heavy, blunt instrument. Other injuries upon the person of the deceased were also described, showing the ferocious nature of the attack which had been made upon her. The poor woman's physical condition on the Saturday, as described by the witnesses, made no statement of his wife having been comfortable, and the prisoner's story of her drinking with Jack Hadley was a most highly improbable, but both the landlady of the Royal Oak and Hadley were called, and proved that the prisoner's statement was utterly without foundation. The jury found the prisoner guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

The judge passed the sentence of death upon the prisoner, holding out no hopes of mercy.

THE Archdeaconry of Durham, vacant by the death of the Venerable Charles Turner, D.D. (to which the Bishop of Durham, of £1,000 per annum in Durham Cathedral, has been offered by the Bishop of Durham, M.A., rural dean, and incumbent of the mother church of Paddington, Middlesex.

General News.

WE learn that Dr. Arthur Farre is appointed, in conjunction with Sir C. Locock, to attend the Princess Alice in her confinement, which is expected to take place at Windsor next April. Dr. Arthur Farre's appointment will be stamped by the profession with universal approbation. He has earned his reputation by study, hard work as a lecturer and clinical teacher, and by an immense experience amongst the patients of his hospital. His article on the "Uterus," in "Todd's Cyclopaedia," is the standard authority on the subject, and he enjoys considerable reputation as a naturalist. —*Medical Times.*

A SISTER of Daniel O'Connell died at Tallyhoan, Kilkenny, within a few hours of her husband, Counsellor Finn, one of the founders of the Catholic Association and formerly M.P. for that county. Mrs. Finn, who had been several years an invalid, died at five p.m., and her husband expired at twelve, p.m. His illness was of only a few days' duration. Being childless, they had for many years led a most secluded life, and their death-beds were unshared by the presence of a single friend. Mr. Finn was seventy-eight years old.

ON Saturday afternoon, during a heavy ground swell, the smack, Countess of Lismore, of Aberystwith, struck on Cardigan Bay. Her mainsail and mainboom had been previously carried away. Immediately the smack's perilous position was seen, the Cardigan Lifeboat, belonging to the National Lifeboat Institution, was launched. On reaching the vessel, the surf was found to be tremendous, and enough to appal any man. The smack's boat had been lost, so that the poor creatures had no means of rescue if the life-boat failed to reach them. Their piercing cries for help with death staring them in the face were of the most heart-rending character. However, the resolve had been formed on the part of the life-boat crew that their lives would be sacrificed if necessary to save them. Fortunately, the life-boat succeeded, with God's blessing, in closing with the wreck, and in saving her crew of three men, and afterwards bringing them safely ashore through the heavy seas.

MR. JOHN M'ADAM, of Glasgow, has received a brief letter from Garibaldi, dated Pisa, 3rd inst., in which the general says:—"You may be sure that I accepted to draw my sword for the cause of the United States, it would have been for the abolition of slavery, full, unconditional. I am most thankful to your gallant countrymen for the numerous proofs of sympathy they have given me. I know that no people better than the Scotch sympathises for those whose struggle is for civil or religious liberty."

IT was stated in naval circles that the screw corvette, *Racoon*, 22, 400-horse power, is to be immediately commissioned for sea, to convey Prince Alfred, who is to be borne on her books as one of her officers, on a lengthened cruise. The destination of the *Racoon* is not yet known, but it is probable that she will in the first instance be despatched to Australia, which has not yet been visited by Prince Alfred. The *Racoon* has all her guns and the greater part of her stores on board, and is in all respects ready for the pennant. The officer named for the command is Captain Sir Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen.

THIS late Mrs. Ann Cutts, of the Old Kent Road, has left the National Lifeboat Institution a legacy of £1,000, free of duty. At the present period when the demands on the society are so heavy that it has just been compelled to sell out £500 from its small funded capital, this legacy will greatly strengthen the hands of the committee to carry out the national and philanthropic objects of the Lifeboat Institution.

A MAGNIFICENT white Carrara marble staircase," says the *Paris Union*, "which is to cost not less than £6,000, is at this moment being prepared at Vaugirard. It is to be sent in pieces to Baron de Bismarck, of London, in whose residence it is to be placed."

THE *Shipping Gazette* says:—"Her Majesty's steamer *Ariadne* has been ordered to leave Halifax, and after going to New York, where she will probably remain for five days, is to join Admiral Milne's squadron at Bermuda. This movement looks like a concentration of the disposable force on the West India and North American stations in the neighbourhood of the locality in which the recently reported outrages upon British shipping by Federal cruisers have been perpetrated." With the knowledge that there is a force at hand capable of protecting British commerce, and with instructions to do so, the *Shipping Gazette* thinks that even Commodore Wilkes will hardly venture upon further molestations or violations of neutral territory.

THE *Monitor* says:—"The Emperor on Sunday received the Turkish ambassador in a private audience, and received from him the insignia, set in brilliants, of the order of the Osmania, together with an autograph letter from the Sultan."

THIS *Avon*, the loss of which has just been reported, was one of the oldest steamers belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Company, having been built in 1852. She was a wooden vessel, registered 1,854 tons, with 440 horse power, and was valued at only about 15,000*l.* The *Avon* had on board when wrecked about 200,000*l.* in silver and a small quantity of cargo from Greytown, all of which is expected to be recovered and forwarded to this country by the steamer due on the 29th inst.

THE Right Hon. Spencer Walpole has been appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury an ecclesiastical commissioner, in the room of Mr. Deedes. He filled the same office as nominee of the late archbishop, until he resigned on his appointment by Lord Derby as Home Secretary.

LOUIS GEORGE MAXWELL, a brother of the Duke of Rutland, has announced his intention of offering himself as a candidate for Cambridge at the next general election. His lordship, who has been elected a member of the County Conservative Club, sat for the county in a former parliament.

ENGLAND, we are told, is about to cede the Ionian Islands to Greece. This intelligence must be accepted with the qualification that the cession can only be made with the consent of the Powers who signed the treaties of 1815. The statement that the English Government is willing, if it can ensure the stability and prosperity of the new dynasty, to yield up the provinces of the Septinsular Republic, we believe, not without foundation. The special mission of Mr. Elliot to the Provisional Government at Athens has reference to this, and to other important questions bearing on the future of Greece. —*Standard.*

THIS professor of the garrotter, like many others is an arduous one, and those who follow it in the busy hive of London, find it necessary, after the weary of an unusual heavy season, to recruit their health and provide against any attempts to infringe upon their liberty of person, their lives, by a nervous public, and so they betake themselves to the provincial towns of England, and even to the more distant north. There they can carry on their business upon a scale somewhat larger than they could in London, and they are able to do so. Already we hear of numerous cases of assault and robbery by garrotters in the North, Oxford, Bradford, and many other places. From Edinburgh we learn that about ten o'clock one night, when a gentleman was about to enter his house in Newington, a rope was thrown round his neck, and he was immediately afterwards knocked down with great violence, and robbed of a gold watch. Before he recovered from the shock his assailant had disappeared. The gentleman was confined to his bed for a day or two from the effects of the assault. The other night, a young man was attacked on the South Bridge in the same town, and robbed of a few shillings in a similar manner. A case which looks like a revival of the old Housewife's robberies is reported from Chesham. The postman who drives the mail cart between this place and High Wycombe says he was stopped on the highway by three men, dragged from his cart and robbed. The police are investigating the affair.

WOULD-BE GAROTTER.

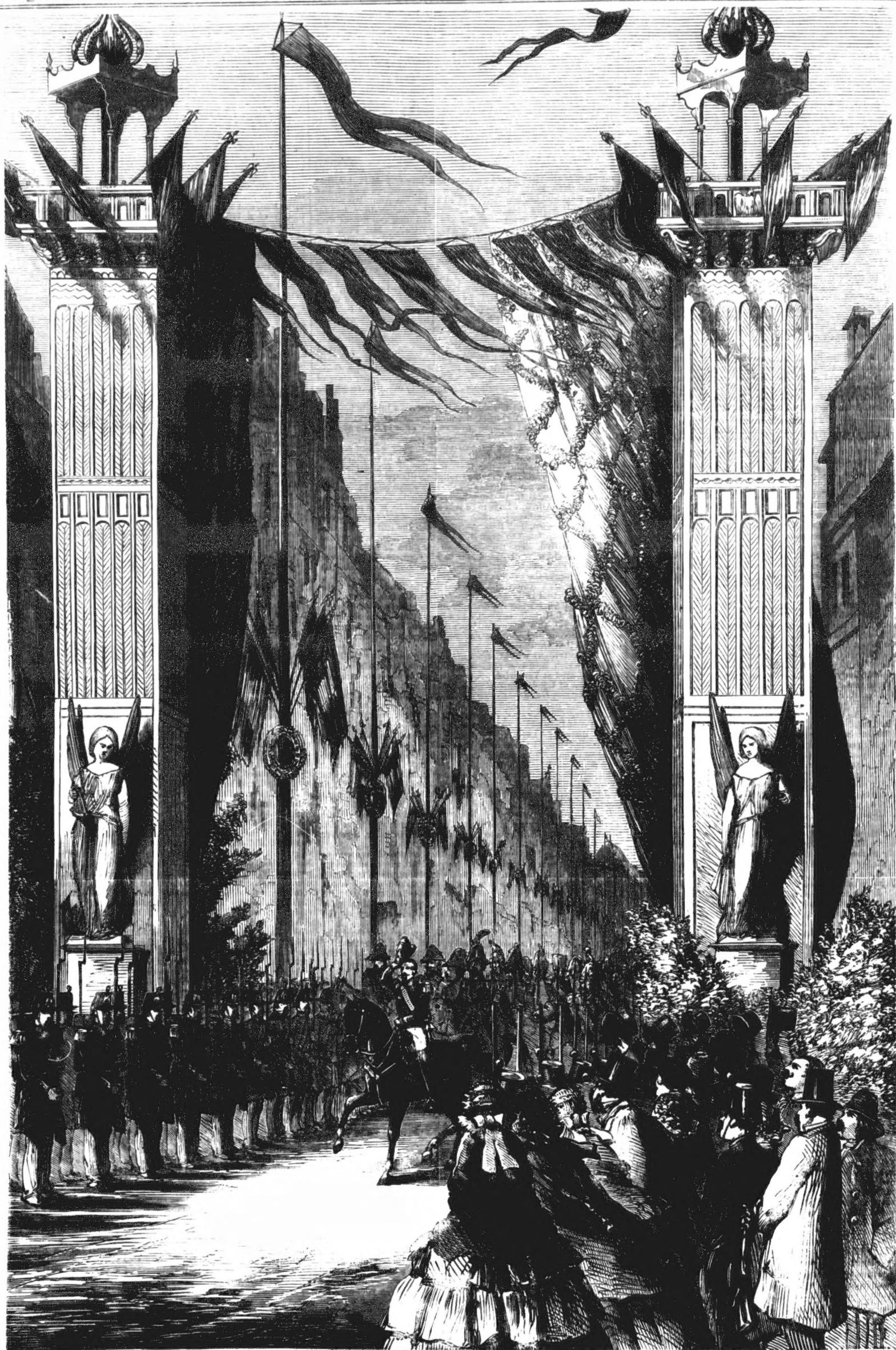
A CORRESPONDENT, writing from the Colosseum Hotel, Great Portland-street, says:—"On Friday, between twelve and one o'clock, four suspicious looking characters entered the bar of this hotel, where I have been residing for the last month, and asked to be served with a pot of ale, which was given them, and they quitted the premises. Shortly afterwards the whole party returned, requesting to be served with rum, which the barman, an old servant of some thirty years' standing, declined to serve them with, as his suspicions were awakened as to the quality of his customers and their intentions. Finding him resolute, two of them each threw down half-a-crown, demanding change, which the old barman refused to give, at the same time requesting them at once to quit the premises, for he would have nothing whatever to do with them, observing that although there was a mob of four of them, they would not make him alter his determination. Upon this one of the party began to threaten that he would 'leave a mark' upon him, and as he menaced him the old barman perceived the handle of a bludgeon protruding from under the back of the fellow's coat, and then saw the mob like a hump between the rascal's shoulders, which at once convinced him that the suspicions he entertained were well-founded, so he insisted on their leaving the house directly. They defied him; but it so happened that on that side of the bar where these 'unlucky customers' stood was a draught and cold-water tap, who proceeded to eject the garrotters (for such they were), and a fight ensued, ending in the thorough discomfiture of the offending parties. The soldier on his own hook throwing two of them completely as to make them call 'murder' most loudly, while the other two were disposed of by the cabbies, who took from two of them their murderous weapons, for the retention of which they fought, bit, and kicked most desperately. The bludgeon is a stick of two feet in length, ending in a large knob the size of the writer's fist, on which is facetiously inscribed, 'The Peep o' Day.' The sling, for such it may be described to be, consists of a lump of lead worked in cord, after the manner of life-preservers, and is attached to the wrist by a sort of bracelet, to ensure its not falling when a blow was dealt, out of the wearer's possession—a terrible instrument for cracking skulls! This being secured to the wrist of the garrotter, was thrust up his sleeve, and from thence extracted by the cabbies. Well may it be styled 'a crusher!' Of the two in the more dangerous weapon, as it can be so effectually concealed from the sight of the wayfarer, or the more quick eyes of the police. The landlord entered my sitting-room with the spoils of the enemy in his hands—which I shall be happy to exhibit as you once relating to me all the circumstances of their capture. On the way to the bar was not on my side of the hotel, I heard nothing but on examining the old barman himself, he told me that which I have communicated, adding that his impression was that the fellows intended robbing him of the contents of the till, and he offered to give them the change they requested, and that, if they had not fortunately seen the soldier and the cabbies there, 'The Peep o' Day' of the sling was meant for his head, he said, 'garrotter' him first, and robbed the till at their leisure. The soldier was a brave fellow, wholly unknown to the barman, who fought like a hero, and if this letter should meet his eyes, he may call on me and claim a well-deserved sovereign. As for the *garrotter*, I knew where to find Sir Joshua, John I would drive to his house and show the trophies now lying before me, as specimens of the instruments in use among his 'Peep o' Day' for the purpose of robbing, 'seeing is believing,' and he may yet be led to believe."

A COMEDIAN CONVICTED OF A SERIOUS OFFENCE.

AT York Assizes, Harvey Tensdale, 46, was charged with wounding Sarah Tensdale, his wife, with intent to do her grievous bodily harm. Mr. V. Blackton prosecuted, and the prisoner was defended by Mr. G. G. G. The circumstances of the case were of an extraordinary character. The prisoner, it appeared, is a comedian, and he and the prosecutrix had been married for twenty-six years. In July last they were at St. Helier's, Jersey; but in consequence of his treatment, the prosecutrix determined to leave him and return to England, and her husband paid her passage and expenses as far as Manchester. The prisoner followed her to England, and on her subsequently going to Sheffield he followed her there. On the 2nd of August the prisoner went to the house of Mrs. Hewitt, in Holloway-street, where his wife was lodging, and asked her to return and live with him. His wife refused, and did not encourage her to return, and although she remained for six hours entreating her to go back, she refused to do so. He then went away, but returned on the 3rd of August, and sent a message to the prosecutrix, asking her to join him at a public-house near. She declined, saying the prisoner must go to her. Henry Hewitt was standing in the doorway, and the prisoner rushed past him, entered the room where his wife was lodged, and without saying a word, fired a pistol at her. She was completely stunned, and on recovering consciousness saw her husband with an open razor in his hand. A struggle then ensued between them in which they got upon the floor, and the prisoner drew the razor across her throat from ear to ear, but fortunately for both of them not dividing any of the principal blood-vessels. Henry Hewitt, hearing the report of the pistol, jumped through the window into the room. He found the prisoner upon his wife with the razor in his hand, and succeeded in wrenching it from him. The prosecutrix was conveyed to the infirmary, and was found to be injured on the neck and hand as well as on the throat. She remained in the infirmary for eleven days, and was an out-patient for three weeks. When before the magistrate, the prisoner accused his wife of infidelity, but there did not appear to be the slightest foundation for his allegation. He also said he had no intention whatever of doing his wife harm, that he was intending to fire the pistol to frighten her, and that not succeeding in inducing her to return he was resolved to cut his own throat with the razor. He further alleged that the pistol went off in the struggle by accident, but this the learned counsel for the prosecution observed, was inconsistent with his previous statement. He told her if she would not return to him he would commit suicide, but his wife told him to leave her alone, and go into the street and do it there, and she would look after him out of the window.

Mr. Shaw, for the defence, urged that the prisoner, who had evidently gone with a sincere desire to induce his wife to return, could have had no desire to harm or injure her bodily harm. The jury found the prisoner guilty of an unlawfully wounding. His lordship said the jury had taken a merciful view of the case, because if the prisoner had been convicted of felony, he would have been sentenced to a long period of penal servitude. The unlawful wound he had inflicted was not a grievous wounding of the most aggravated character, and he should therefore feel it his duty to sentence the prisoner to the longest term of imprisonment which the statute enabled him to give. The judge then sentenced the prisoner to imprisonment, with hard labour, for two years.

FROM the numerous examples of the Sewing Machine exhibited, we select one, because it is the one that has been best subjected to the influence of Art. It is indeed a very handsome piece of drawing-room furniture, and may be properly placed among articles of a luxurious character. It is certainly the best of many examples (the *W. & A. Sewing Machine*), and is known as the "W. & A. Sewing Machine." Circulars post-free, on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill, E.C.—*Artisan*, August, 1862.—[Advt.]



INAUGURATION OF THE NEW BOULEVARD, PRINCE EUGENE, AT PARIS, BY THE EMPEROR. (See page 162.)



FRIGHTFUL COAL MINE EXPLOSION AT EDMUND'S MAIN COLLIERY, NEAR BARNSELEY, YORKSHIRE. (See page 164.)

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.—THE PANTOMIMES, ETC.

BEFORE another issue of the *Illustrated Weekly News* another Christmas Day will have gone by, and Christmas entertainments will be in the fulness of their attractiveness. For the special benefit of our juvenile readers, and doubtless to the advantage of those of maturer years, we this week present them with preliminary sketches of the plots of the different pantomimes at some of the metropolitan theatres, commencing with the

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The pantomime here is from the pen of Mr. Henry J. Byron, and is entitled "Harlequin Beauty and the Beast; or, the Gnome Queen and the Good Fairy." Squire Tiddlywinks and his man-servant, Muddlehead, are returning home in the family gig, when a terrible high wind drives them into an enchanted wood, in which the trees do all sorts of strange things which will not spoil our readers' pleasure by anticipating, and in which the belated travellers eventually come across the palace of the Beast. Entering this magic domicile, they are entertained most sumptuously by fairy attendants, who cut up magical legs of mutton and draw enchanted champagne corks, and treat them generally with extreme hospitality. The Squire having promised his three daughters a present each, plucks a rose for his youngest child, Beauty, and is immediately seized by the outraged Beast, whose horticultural feelings appear of as sensitive a nature as those of the head gardener at Hampton Court. The Squire is about to lose his life when he makes a pathetic appeal, and the Beast lets him go home on a promise to return with Beauty. The Squire brings his charming child back with him, and the Beast falls in love with her and detains her, permitting the parent to return to his suburban villa. All his attentions, however, are bootless. Beauty adores her father, and refuses to be comforted by the inevitable grand ballet which is popularly supposed to have a soothing effect upon heart-broken heroines. When she sees in a vision her father utterly broken-down with grief, she implores the Beast to let her go, and she is allowed to return to alleviate the Squire's sufferings, though the Beast says he shall be utterly distraught and miserable without her. The return of the child restores the Squire to reason, for since her leaving him he has become a maniac and a prey to a troupe of variously thinking physicians, and they all start off to the Beast's palace. They are too late, however—the Gnome Queen has poisoned him, and the poor Beast is discovered dead, to the extreme agony of Beauty. In her wretchedness, she exclaims that, were he alive, she would love and wed him, and the Beast immediately vanishes—a Prince appearing in his place to the extreme delight of everybody concerned, with the exception of the Gnome Queen, who retires to the sulphurous seclusion of her own residence. The scenery, appointments, decorations, &c., are all on a scale of unexampled magnificence; Mr. Calloot's transformation scene excelling anything of the kind before witnessed, even in this theatre.

DRURY LANE.—The reputation this theatre has so long enjoyed whilst under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, for the unrivalled excellence of its pantomimes, will be fully sustained by Mr. Falconer, the new lessee. Mr. Blanchard, as usual, supplies the Christmas piece, which is founded on the popular nursery tale of "Goody Two Shoes," in which the scenery of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin will be magnificent, and the harlequinade will be supported by Boleno and Lauri, as clowns; Cormack and St. Malin, as harlequins; and Madame Boleno and Miss Guinness as colombinees.

HAYMARKET.—This year Mr. Buckstone eschews pantomime, and adopts extravaganza. The Christmas piece is founded on Dr. Johnson's history of the adventures of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," and will be admirably illustrated by dioramic views of a high artistic character.

STRAND THEATRE.—"Ivanhoe in accordance with the Spirit of the Times," is the title of Mr. Henry J. Byron's Christmas extravaganza at this favourite home of burlesque. Whilst adhering closely to the romance in the main points, he has introduced several original and highly humorous incidents, and has entirely discarded Robin Hood and his merry men, who, after all, have very little to do with the plot. A scene in the turret chamber of Torquilstone Castle is a complicated burlesque upon those "sensational" effects which have for the last year or two served to stimulate the jaded appetite of the London playgoer. It would be scarcely fair to describe the various dramatic points of this scene; suffice it to say that it is suggestive of the "Peep o' Day," "Relief of Lucknow," "Colleen Bawn," and other works of a like nature, and concludes with the successful storming of the castle by Ivanhoe and the Black Knight (Miss Buffon), the latter personage turning out to be a very important individual indeed. The principal characters are thus admirably filled: Sir Brian, Mr. Rice; Isaac the Jew, Mr. Clark; Ivanhoe, Miss Saunders; Rebecca, Mr. Rogers; Rowena, Miss A. Swanborough; Wamba, Miss Marshall. The burlesque abounds with songs, dances, show and fun, and is to be placed upon the stage in a manner to eclipse all previous dramas of a like nature at this theatre. The scenery, by Mr. A. Calloot, is correct and striking; the dresses by Mr. May, Mrs. Richardson, and assistants, are gorgeous and glittering; and the music, much of which is original, has been composed and arranged in the happiest manner by Mr. Frank Musgrave. If we may credit report, there can be little doubt that "Ivanhoe" will excel all Mr. Byron's previous efforts.

SURREY.—This theatre, famed for its pantomimes, will this year surpass itself by "Harlequin Old Mother Goose, or the Queen of Hearts that made some tarts, and the Knave of Hearts who stole them." This interesting story turns upon the adventures of a rustic youth, Colin (Miss J. St. George), who is in love with Bluebell (Miss Johnson), daughter of Squire Broadbeans, who, being a wealthy old curmudgeon, of course repels Colin's suit. But he is protected by the Good Genius Nature (Miss Webster), who presents him with a goose that lays golden eggs. In order to sell his eggs he goes to the palace of the Queen of Hearts, who falls in love with him, and the scurvy rogue, the Knave of Hearts (Mr. Thorne), works mischief by stealing the Queen's tarts, and also Colin's goose, but being detected he is ordered for execution, but escapes, and is almost becoming the successful rival of Colin for Bluebell's love, when the good genius interferes, and the grand transformation scene of "Dame Nature's Retreat, and Gathering of the Spirits of Frost," takes place, and the harlequinade succeeds, supported by M. Rowella, as harlequin; Miss B. Morgan, Columbine, and Hildebrand, Clown.

CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. Nelson Lee, the author of 213 pantomimes, invariably takes care of himself at his own theatre. The subject of his pantomime this year is "Sing a Song of Sixpence, or Harlequin Pocket full of Rye." The wicked fairy Ergoline wishes to kill all the blackbirds rare, and is opposed in this evil intent by the good fairy. The former goes to the golden rye fields, where Chickabiddi, a rustic youth, is sitting on a stile with a bird clapper to frighten all the birds away. He having lost a lucky sixpence, is very low-spirited: he endeavours to find it, exclaiming—

"I fear I may have to search for many a day;
'Tis like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay."

At this moment a stray blackbird is seen hopping about; Chickabiddi takes compassion on it and lets it pick up a few grains. Unfortunately the little fluttering thing wanders too near the trap, when it is caught—the trap suddenly changing to a splendid fairy bower, discovers Cereale, the Fairy Queen. She informs Chickabiddi the bird was a fairy, and for his kindness she will find his lucky sixpence, which instantly appears. Chickabiddi exclaims—

"Then, perhaps, good fairy, a prince some day I'll be!"

The Queen replies—

"If you wish it, become one instantly."

Chickabiddi is directly changed to a Prince; he is presented with a pocketful of rye, and entrusted with a magic charm to foil the wicked

Fairy. His rustic love, Preciosa, the maid, finding her beloved Chickabiddi changed to a Prince, is dreadfully downcast, but he exclaims—

"Fear not, Preciosa, although I'm changed, and a Prince you see,
I'm still your own, sweet one, you'll find no change in me."

He baffles the bad fairy in all her wicked designs, and ultimately the good fairy transports us to the Lake of Water Lilies, one of the most elaborate transformation scenes ever beheld. The comic scenes follow, introducing the popular hits of the day. Mr. M. Mathews is the Clown; Mr. Alexander, the Harlequin; Madame Alexander, the Columbine; and the veteran Morrelli, the Pantaloon.

BRITANNIA.—The pantomime at this popular theatre is entitled, "Abon Hassan, the Sleeper of Bagdad; or, the Fairy Elves of the Enchanted Mosque." Abon (Mrs. Lane), a dashing young fellow, is persecuted by the ghouls, and protected by the Fairy Queen. She sends him back to his mother, who is much impoverished by her son's extravagance. Wearing with the tedious routine of domestic life, Abon takes a nap, and is transported to the palace of the Caliph, whose Grand Vizier he becomes, and tumbles head over ears in love with his daughter, who warmly reciprocates the young scapegrace's affection. A grand oriental ballet is now introduced, in which that accomplished artiste, Mdlle. Celeste Stephan, is the principal danseuse; and the Caliph and his Court enter. Thomas now begin to appear in Abon's bed of roses. The Caliph (Mr. J. Parry), announces a difficult State crisis, and demands of his new Vizier advice how to extricate himself from the dilemma. Abon, unversed in the arts of government, is unable to reply. The Caliph insists; and, finally, becoming enraged, gives him only one hour to consider, with a significant hint that, if not prepared at the end of that time, his head shall pay the forfeit. Abon, left alone, is in a terrible fright, from which the good fairy relieves him by mixing, unseen, with his drink, a charm that seizes him once more to sleep, and by conveying him to his mother's cottage. Here more remonstrances await him, in the midst of which his old enemies, the eunuchs, rush in, seize, and carry him off to duress. He, in spite of the frantic exclamations of his mother. Once more, however, he tries his fortune abroad, and becomes caliph, but his subjects rebel, and threaten to hang, or tear him in pieces. Abon's distress is at its height, when the fairy, perceiving that he is at length heart-sick of ambition, cuts the Gordian knot, and transports him to Fairy Land, where a most gorgeous transformation scene introduces, by a simultaneous change, all the pantomimical characters at once, as follows:—Clown, Mr. J. Louis; Harlequin, Mr. F. Evans; Pantaloon, Mr. Newham; Sprite, Signor Sylvari; Columbine, Mdlle. Celeste Stephan; and Harlequina, Mrs. W. Crawford. The scenery of the opening has been executed in the first style of the art by Messrs. J. Gray and H. Wair; that of the comic scenes by Mr. J. W. Collier; the music is by Mr. Brinkworth. The accessories of the spectacle are, as usual at this theatre, superb and beautiful.

GRICIAN.—The pantomime here is called "Harlequin Number Nip; or, the Spider and the Fly." The plot turns upon the bad feeling existing between a spider and a fly. The former is an evil genius, who has transformed himself into a spider, and the lovely Sunflower to a fly. Fairy True Love protects the latter, and transforms her to her rightful shape, and restores her to Fidelio, the beloved of her heart. He is very poor, but coming into possession of a magic toy, is not only rich, but also enabled to thwart the designs of wicked Number Nip, the Spider. At last, however, Fidelio is about being sacrificed, when the good fairy opportunely comes forward, and effects a brilliant transformation.

Sporting.

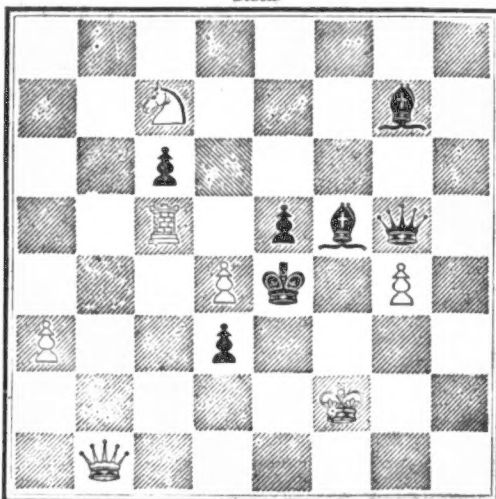
THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The following appeared in *Reels Life* on Saturday:—"Jem Mace hopes that King will not make a match with any foreigner, but will give him the first chance of retrieving his laurels. Mace is much surprised that a man of such immense power and youth should so easily forego the highest and most valuable trophy any pugilist can attain, namely, the championship's belt. If King does not make a match, then any man in the world who may fancy Jem Mace can be on for the belt and the championship, and any amount from £200 to £1,000 aside. Mace need not fear King fighting any one else for the belt until he has given him a chance. By all rules King is bound to make a match with the first comer, and there can be no doubt Jem stands in this position, as his money was down by three o'clock on the day of the fight. King, however, has distinctly intimated that he will not fight again."

A FRIEND IN NEED.—In one of the hospitals at Alexandria we saw a young fellow near an open window lustily singing, "I'm a bold soldier boy." "And what is the matter with you?" "Blind, sir—blind as a bat." Poor Joe Parsons was in front at Antietam Creek, and a ball passed directly through his eyes, and across his face, destroying his sight for ever. But he was as happy as a lark. "It might ha' been worse, yer see." "I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and the next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flying all round, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin', though. At last I heard a feller groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I. 'Hello yourself,' says he. 'Who be yer?' says I—a rebel? 'You're a Yankee,' says he. 'So I am,' says I. 'What's the matter with you?' 'My leg's smashed,' says he. 'Can't yer walk?' 'No.' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a—rebel, but will you do me a little favour?' 'I will,' says he, 'ef I ken.' Then I says, 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin.' My eyes is knocked out, but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's get out o' this. You pint the way, an' I'll tote yer off the field on my back.' 'Bully for you,' says he. And so we managed to git together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outer his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both, an' he did the navigatin'. And ef he didn't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! How's ever, the colonel came up, an' says he, 'Whar d'yer come from? Who be yer?' I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more shootin'; an' he sent me over to our lines. So I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things considered." "But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow." "That's so," he answered, glibly, "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty; got shot pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n not my fault—as the old man said of his blind hos. But—I'm a bold soldier boy."—*Philed Iphis Enquirer*.

HER MAJESTY AND DR. NORMAN McLEOD.—Her Majesty, on reading in the newspapers of the death of the late Dr. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, expressed her deep sympathy and grief that he had been out off in the full career of a life of wide-spread usefulness—a sympathy intensified by his connexion with memories of her visits to Palmoral. One of the ladies in attendance expressing her Majesty's feelings on the event, the words fell on the ears of a Scotch lassie, a servant to Lady Augusta Bruce, who ventured to remark that it must be the father of Dr. Norman McLeod, of the Barony, and not the Dr. McLeod who preached before her Majesty at Palmoral. The Queen being informed of this, desired the girl to be sent into her presence, and the lassie explained the points that she thought inconsistent in the short and inaccurate paragraph her Majesty had been reading. In consequence, a telegraph was despatched to Sir Archibald Allison, of Glasgow, who confirmed the girl's story; and soon after a feeling letter of sympathy was sent to Dr. Norman McLeod by the Marchioness of Ely by her Majesty's commands.—*North British Daily Mail*.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 79.—By J. WILSON.
Black.



White.
White to mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Wormald and Tennant, the former giving the odds of Queen's Knight.

- | White.
Mr. W. | Black.
Mr. T. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 8 |
| 3. B to B 4 | 3. K Kt to B 8 |
| 4. Castles | 4. B to B 4 |
| 5. P to Q Kt 4 | 5. B to Kt 3 |
| 6. P to Kt 5 | 6. K to Q R 4 |
| 7. Kt takes K P | 7. Kt takes B |
| 8. Kt takes Kt | 8. P to Q 3 |
| 9. P to K 5 | 9. P takes P (a) |
| 10. B to Q R 3 | 10. Kt to K Kt 5 |
| 11. Q to K 2 (b) | 11. Q to K R 5 |
| 12. P to K R 3 | 12. P to K R 4 |
| 13. Kt takes K P (c) | 13. B to K 3 |
| 14. Kt to Kt 5 | 14. Q to Kt 6 (d) |
| 15. P takes Kt | 15. P takes P |
| 16. Kt takes R | 16. Castles |
| 17. Kt to Kt 6 | 17. B to Q 4 |
| 18. Kt to K 7 (ch) | 18. K to Kt square |
| 19. Kt takes B | 19. R to K R square |
| 20. Q to Q 8 (ch) (e) | 20. K takes Q |
| 21. Kt takes B | 21. Q takes B |
| 22. Kt to Q B 4 | 22. Q to Q 4 |
| 23. K R to K square | 23. R to K R square |
| 24. Kt to K 5 | 24. Q to Q 5 |
| 25. P to Q B 3 | 25. Q to K B 5 |
| 26. P to K Kt 3 | 26. Q to K R 8 |
| 27. K to B square | 27. P to K B 8 |

And Black wins in a few moves.

(a) Well played; not only protecting his own King's Pawn, but retorting the attack upon his opponent.

(b) This is compulsory, as, in addition to Q to R 5, Black threatens to take K B P with Knight, and after the exchange, to win the Knight by Q to R 5 (ch).

(c) He obviously cannot take the proffered Knight.

(d) All this is played in a style far above that of the players who usually receive the odds of a Knight.

(e) White is driven to this forlorn resource in order to ward off the mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 74.

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------------|----------------|
| 1. R to K 8 | 1. Kt takes Kt |
| 2. R takes Kt (ch) | 2. Kt covers |
| 3. K to Q 7 | 3. K moves |
| 4. R takes Kt, mate | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 75.

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------------|----------------|
| 1. R at Q B 4 to Q B 7 | 1. B to Q Kt 8 |
| 2. R at Q B 6 to Q B 7 | |
| 3. B mates | |

TYRO.—In the tenth move of the game between Messrs. Tennant and Steinitz a misprint occurs. The move is P, not B, to K R 4. The word "captured," in the notes, is also a misprint for "retreated."

F. W. H. (Hastings).—We shall be glad to learn whether our private communication reached you, as we have not yet heard whether play has commenced.

J. W. GRHAM.—Place the Kt which stands on Q 4 on the King's fourth square, and then try the solution.

J. PARKES.—The conditions of your Problem are such that the majority of our subscribers would feel no interest in the position.

LEON MOONEN.—We are obliged to you for the problems with which you have favoured us. We have marked one for publication.

Solutions of Problem 77, by T. Chadwick, W. C., W. H., C. W. B. (Kew-green) A. B. C., Deane, J. Coleby, W. Carter, T. F. J., J. F. C., Learner, J. Pilcher, Cantah, P. Hunter, Betu, Amanuensis, C. F. Phillips, B. X., Gorilla, Rex, and A. H.—correct.

A "VERY" STRANGE STORY.—A very singular occurrence is reported to have occurred a few days ago. On the 2nd instant the steamer *Jutland*, of Hull, Capt. Watson, while on her passage from Pillau, was caught in a storm. A sea struck the vessel, and a goose belonging to Mr. Tate, the second engineer of the *Jutland*, and which had a label tied to its leg bearing the owner's name and address, was washed overboard. The poor bird was carried away and lost sight of. It seems that some time afterwards it was devoured by a shark. Subsequently the shark was trapped in the tangle of the fishing smack *Violet*, of Hull. On the net being hove in the monster was opened, and the lost bird was found in its stomach. Observing the label on its leg the captain of the smack determined to take care of it until he got home. On his arrival at home on Saturday he went to the address indicated on the label and presented the goose to the engineer, who was naturally astounded to see the lost bird. He, however, recovered his surprise as well as his property, took it home and had it cooked for dinner on the following day, and pronounced the twice-eaten biped to be excellent.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

THE FOREIGN SWELLER AT WORK.—Fanny Jacobs and Michael de Hoozier, two forel men, both of whom said they could not speak English, and stated they had no homes, were charged, the former with being concerned with another woman and a man in stealing two pieces of silk, value £10, from the warehouse of Messrs. T. Robinson, 30, Milk-street, Cheap-side, silk manufacturers. It appeared that the female prisoner, accompanied by another woman and a man, all of whom were very respectably dressed, went into the warehouse of the prosecutors at about nine o'clock on Monday morning. There was no one in the shop but the porter, who asked them what they wanted, and the man said he wanted to look at some velvet. The porter rang the bell for Mr. Robinson to come down, and to do so he had to turn his back to the prisoner and her companions. Shortly afterwards the prisoner and the other female came up and said they wanted to speak to the man, and having done so they appeared in a great hurry to leave. Mr. Robinson, not liking their appearance, directed his porter to follow them. They left the warehouse, leaving the man behind, who afterwards said he did not wish to purchase anything; he only wanted to know the prices. The porter followed the two females as far as the bottom of Aldermanbury. The prisoner Jacobs went up Fountain-court, and the other woman ran off. He followed the prisoner, and saw her stop by the side of the male prisoner, who had a black calico bag, and slip two pieces of silk from under her shawl into the bag. He went up to the prisoner and asked her what she was doing. The female prisoner had in the moment she was seized, secured him. Mr. Robinson identified the male prisoner as having gone to his warehouse about six weeks previous in company with another man, both of whom were very nicely dressed. They wanted to know the price of umbrellas, but they did not purchase anything. A gentleman from Messrs. Peek Brothers, in Noble-street, said he identified the prisoner as having paid him a visit, after which he missed two rolls of silk. Both prisoners were committed for trial.

BOW STREET.

"THE LANCASHIRE RELIEF BAZAAR."—GOVERNMENT PROSECUTION UNDER THE LOTTERY ACT.—William Concen and Henry Shaw, both of Brunswick House, Wyndham-road, Camberwell, appeared before Mr. Corrie to answer summonses issued at the instance of the Treasury authorities, charging them that they, on the 2nd and 3rd of December, and at other times, did publicly keep a certain office and place, at the Whitlington Club, Arundel-street, Strand, to exercise, keep open, and exposed to be played, drawn, or thrown up by lots, numbers, figures, and by means of other ways, contrivances, and devices, a lottery not authorized by parliament—to wit, a lottery under the name, pretence, and device of "The Lancashire Relief Bazaar." Mr. Beasley, in opening the case, stated that the Government had thought it their duty to prosecute the defendants in consequence of circumstances which had come to their knowledge, and which would probably appear at the course of the evidence. The defendant, who is a printer, carrying on a small business at a place called Brunswick House, Camberwell, and the other defendant is a commercial traveller. The charge was that they opened a lottery, and carried it on during four days of this month, at the Whitlington Club-house. It appeared that on the 18th of October they had issued a circular, signed "William Concen," and requesting the permission of the persons to whom it was addressed to use their names as patrons of a bazaar, to be held "at the Crystal Palace, or some other suitable place" for the benefit of the unemployed operatives in Lancashire. Several gentlemen to whom these circulars had been sent did at first consent to the use of their names; but afterwards a second circular was issued, from the terms of which it was obvious that the pretended bazaar was, in fact, nothing else but a lottery. According to the second circular the drawing was to take place at the Adelphi Gallery, Lowther Arcade; and it was true that the defendants had engaged a room there from the Messrs. Gatti, the proprietors of the gallery, who agreed to take a smaller sum than usual for rent, on the ground that it was for a charitable object. But upon learning the nature of the scheme as set forth in the second circular, the Messrs. Gatti refused to let the room for that purpose. The defendants, not to be foiled, went to the Whitlington Club, where they took a room for three or four days. Sergeant Tanner, of the detective force, would prove that he attended there on the 2nd of December, and bought two tickets. While he was there a draw was made, and he put in one of his tickets and drew a prize. It would be idle for the defendants to say they did not know they were doing wrong, as it had been pointed out to them by Messrs. Gatti, and notice had been given them not to proceed. Several of the gentlemen whose names appeared would state that the moment they saw their names attached to a circular of a lottery they insisted on having them withdrawn, which was never done. Mr. Beard: I do not know whether I shall save time by stating that I do not deny that the defendants were acting illegally, but I do not wish it to go forth that their motives were such as were stated by the learned counsel for the Crown. I say that they really did not know that they were acting illegally, and that the whole profits of the undertaking were devoted to the fund. Mr. Beasley: I am told that it is not the fact that they have made nothing by it. I am told that one of them has stated that they made £100 by it. Mr. Beard: They had received £100, and after paying expenses there was £10 left, which they handed over to the fund of the Mansion House? Sergeant Tanner, of the detective force, deposed: On the 3rd of December I went to the Whitlington Club between eleven and twelve o'clock. The defendants were both there, and assisting in the proceedings. Mr. Shaw directing. On one occasion he hurried the proceedings, saying that a lady was waiting. A lottery was being drawn. A wheel was being turned, and the lottery was drawn in the usual way. I purchased two tickets for two shillings, and gave one ticket in. I received a prize. It was a set of charms (the witness held up the article in question amidst some laughter). I stopped some time, and saw about a score of prizes delivered. Should say they were worth 15s. or 20s. each. I should say nothing worth more than 2s. There were little china vases, a few small pictures, and so on. About 2s. was taken for tickets while I was there. Mr. Beard: Were there any watches in the room? Witness: I did not see any. It stated on the ticket that there were. (Laughter). And clocks? On the ticket; but I did not see any. Leather goods, paper mache, china (witness assented), oil paintings?—Well, there were some pictures. Little ones. Mr. Beard: Life oil paintings?—A little like them. Mr. Corrie: If you satisfy me that you have only received the money for this charitable purpose and have not applied any portion to your own profit, I shall deal with the case very differently from what I should if I thought that the charitable purpose was a mere pretence to get money and appropriate it to your own use. But you must show me that the whole profit was intended for the fund. If you intended it for your own profit, but it turned out unfortunate, that won't do. Mr. Beard would show that the proceedings had been bona fide for the sole benefit of the charity. At his request the defendants had prepared a balance-sheet, but, unfortunately, the vouchers were not here. If the totals were correct they had not taken a penny to themselves. Mr. Corrie: You must show more than that. You must show that they never intended to do so. There would have been some meetings of the committee and regular proceedings, proper books kept, and so on. You ought to have kept an exact account of everything. Mr. Beasley here called Mr. Gibbs, who stated that the £10 was all that he received from the defendants for the Lancashire Relief Fund. They wanted a receipt for the money as paid by the promoters of the "Lancashire Relief Bazaar," but he refused to use that form, and gave them a receipt for the money as being received from Concen and Shaw. Ultimately the case was adjourned, on the understanding that evidence was to be tendered to show the bona fides of the defendants' proceedings, with a view to mitigation of penalty.

WESTMINSTER.

A SINGULAR NUISANCE.—John Thompson, a youth, was charged with begging under singular circumstances. Mrs. Leclerc, of 15, Pelham-place, Thorpe-square, said that the defendant was constantly begging at her gate. He had been loitering about her doorway for the last six weeks. He was there as usual on Sunday, and said, "Can I have some money?" He had food and clothing given him, and in the course of an hour afterwards resumed his position at her gate. Mr. Arnold inquired whether she was aware of any reason that induced him to come particularly to her house. Complainant replied that there was a gentleman very charitably inclined lodging in her house, who gave a great deal of money to street beggars. Mr. Arnold observed that gentlemen so inclined might cause a most intolerable nuisance. They were, there was no doubt, kindly intentioned, but were not aware of the mischief they might do by promiscuous almsgiving. The police said that there were daily from ten to twenty beggars hovering about the house, and the nuisance had been so much complained of by the respectable residents of Pelham-place, that it had been found necessary to place a policeman there specially on duty. The charitable gentleman spoken of sometimes threw a handful of silver out of the window to the beggars. Complainant said it was a most unbearable nuisance, which she hoped the magistrate would put an end to. Mr. Arnold suggested that she had the means in her own power, by getting rid

of her lodger, who was the cause of it. Complainant admitted that she was not disposed to do that. A gentleman residing next door to the complainant said it was difficult to conceive the amount of annoyance he daily experienced. Mr. Arnold expressed his opinion very strongly that any charitable gentleman who systematically gave money as described was liable, under the Vagrant Act, for alms-giving, and abetting in the commission of the offence he so encouraged. The police intimated that the gentleman spoken of was of weak intellect, and consequently might not be deemed responsible in law for his actions. He lodged in the house with his brother, who was away from home all day. Mr. Arnold suggested one of three courses to abate the nuisance—the complainant could get rid of her lodger, put him in a back room, where the beggars could not get at him, or cause him to be put under control. Complainant must speak to the gentleman's brother, as this annoyance to the residents of the place must be put a stop to. If it were not done other steps must be taken. Defendant was ordered to enter into his own recognisances to be of good behaviour for a month, and to go to the house again.

OLVERKENTWELL.

A FEMALE JACK SHEPHERD.—Fanny Turner, a respectable-looking young girl, who seemed to feel her position very acutely, described as a domestic servant, was charged with stealing fourteen pieces of ribbon and one pair of gloves from her employer, Mrs. Francis Stanley, milliner and dress-maker, residing at 43, Great Cornam-street, Russell-square. According to the statement of the complainant, the prisoner had only been in her employ a few weeks, having, as she suspected, entered her service by means of a false character. Whilst the prisoner was out on Sunday, from what came to her knowledge she went to the prisoner's bedroom, and between the bed and the mattress she found the property produced, and which had been stolen from the drawers or from the work-room tables, both being places to which the prisoner had no right to go. When the prisoner returned she asked her how she became possessed of these goods, but she at first declined to say. On telling her that she would send for a policeman, the prisoner said that she had taken them, and that she was very sorry. As a lodger in the house had her drawers broken open and some money taken, Mrs. Stanley asked her about that, and as the prisoner declined to say, gave her one hour to consider about it before sending for a police constable. To prevent her leaving the house, she locked her in the kitchen, but during her temporary absence the prisoner managed to force the lock, and then she got access to the front area. She then clambered up the walls and over the area railings, and made her escape. Information was at once given to the police, and the prisoner was found in company with some very low characters. Her parents, who are poor but respectable people, were in a sad way about her, as she had not been home since she left her situation. The prisoner said she was deeply sorry for what she had done, and hoped that the magistrate would take a merciful view of the case. It was her first offence, and she would take care that it was her last. It was her love of wishing to be dressed "nice" that had caused her to forget herself. Mr. D'Eyncourt sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned, and kept to hard labour, in the House of Correction for four calendar months. The prisoner, who sobbed bitterly, was then removed.

BARONET OF MARLBOROUGH.—Henry Thompson, a master butcher, of East Molesey, Surrey, was summoned before Mr. D'Eyncourt to show cause why he should not contribute towards the support of an illegitimate child, of which Martha Rombold, of 1, George's-grove, Holloway, alleged him to be the father. Mr. Butler Rigby, barrister, instructed by Mr. Layton, jun., attended for the defendant. The complainant, a showily attired young woman, said that she first met with the defendant when she was in service at Sydenham, where he was also employed as a journeyman butcher. On the 30th of April she was delivered of a female child, and the defendant was the father. He gave her 10s. before the child was born, and she told him to keep the money, as he knew she was in the family way. The defendant, before he was intimate with her, promised her marriage; but before her child was born he left his place at Sydenham, and she could not discover his whereabouts until a few days ago, and then she ascertained that he was married. When she found him out, she called on him and saw his wife, who asked her to stay to dinner, and tea. She did, and asked him if he would assist in keeping the child. He told his wife he had left her in trouble, but that he could do nothing for my child then; and on the wife suggesting that he could not have the child there, as they had enough of their own, he said he thought the best thing would be to send it to school, and he would write and let her know all about it in a week. His wife and the defendant saw her to the Hampton Court Railway Station, and again promised to write to her, but as they had not done so, the present proceedings were taken. Cross-examined: Before the child was born, he said if he had got her into trouble he was very sorry, and it would break his heart. He also said he could not marry her for he had his father to please, and in that matter he could not do as he liked. She had previously had an illegitimate child, and Mr. Fairhead, tea dealer, of Barnes, was the father. She had not been intimate with other men, and had not been to public dancing-rooms. When she was in service at Thornton Heath, Croydon, the defendant went to see her. She had written several letters to him, but she had none of his, as he said he could not write. The defendant was called, and stated he was in business as a butcher at East Molesey, near Hampton Court. He had known the complainant, and had been intimate with her about the time she had stated. He did not tell Mrs. Johnson that he was about to marry the complainant. Mr. D'Eyncourt ordered the defendant to pay 2s. 6d. per week for the support of the child and £1 costs.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM THE CLERKENWELL HOUSE OF CORRECTION.—The police informed Mr. D'Eyncourt, the sitting magistrate, of the escape of a man from the House of Correction under the following circumstances:—It appears that a silver polisher of the name of John Eaton, residing at 3, Oakley-road, Islington, was charged at the court with committing a violent assault on two police-constables. When he was before the court he behaved in a very disgraceful manner, made use of disgusting language, and said that he could pay any amount of fine that the magistrate chose to put on. As he had before been fined at the court for a violent assault, and as the magistrate thought that a fine would not be a sufficient punishment, he sentenced him to twenty-one days' imprisonment in the House of Correction without giving him the option of paying a fine. On the same day a man named Edward Lawler was fined 20s., or in default of payment fourteen days' imprisonment, for an assault, but he said he had no money and must go to prison. While they were in the cell at the back of the court, Lawler agreed with Eaton to allow him to pass in his name, and to undergo the three weeks' imprisonment for the consideration of £21. In the evening the prisoners were sent away in the van, and at the House of Correction the man Eaton answered to the name of Lawler, paid the 20s. fine, and went off. Lawler answered to the name of Eaton, and is undergoing the three weeks' imprisonment which Eaton ought to be doing. When the fraud was discovered the prisoner Lawler was spoken to, but still said his proper name was Eaton; but this was denied by Turner, the gaoler of this court, who at once pointed him out as Lawler. He still denied the fact, and there the matter rests for the present; but as this is the second case of the sort, it is understood that the matter will not be allowed quietly to drop, but that the visiting justices will instruct the county solicitor to proceed against Lawler and Eaton for a conspiracy.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

AN UNHAPPY PAIR.—William Norris, a pattern-cardmaker, of 55, New Compton-street, Soho, was charged with threatening his wife, Mary Ann Norris. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, appeared for the complainant, a respectable-looking young woman, and said that the parties had only been married two years, and for some time past the defendant had treated his wife with great inhumanity, the sole cause for it being because his wife was in the family way. The defendant had told his wife that he would not strike her, but that because she was about to give birth to a child he would, by his conduct to her, put her in her grave in three months. Last January the wife, through her husband's ill usage, had been delivered of a dead child, instruments being used. He (Mr. Lewis) would call the wife, and then ask the magistrate to allow the defendant that if men would act like brutes to their wives they would be punished. The wife then deposed that her husband had for some time ill-used her, but had lately said that he would not strike her but he was in the habit of violently striking her, and said that he did not like children, or the idea of her having them. The defendant said he never remembered using any threats. Mr. Tyrwhitt said they had better live apart. The defendant said he did not wish to live apart. Mr. Lewis observed that they could not live together. Mr. Tyrwhitt said, the defendant was a poor, cowardly fellow to harass his wife in her then condition. He should make the defendant fine one bail to keep the peace to his wife for three months, and he would tell him that he considered him a poor miserable fellow.

MARYLEBONE.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.—Mr. Tyrwhitt handed to our reporter a printed bill and said he hoped the press would give publicity to it, so that the female servants might be put upon their guard. He thought it would be as well if the name were to be suppressed, for, no doubt, foolish girls who might see the papers would send to the impostor's address. He further added that if it could be proved that any one had obtained money by such means, he would be liable to three months' imprisonment. The gentleman who sent this bill to the magistrate resides in Orchard-street,

Portman-square. He stated in his letter that the enclosure had been thrown into his area, no doubt in the belief that one of the servants would pick it up. From inquiries he had made he found that the servants generally found a similar notice about once a month. The following is the circular:—"Your Destiny.—Matrimony made Easy. Or, How to Win a Lover.—A qualified professor of astrology, of many years' standing in England and abroad, one that has never failed to give satisfaction to all parties, continues to calculate nativities, for the small sum of twenty penny stamps, or eight questions answered for fifteen penny stamps. Anything relating to the past, present, or future; love, marriage, or any other important affairs of life, such as when to be married, the name and circumstances of the future husband, when you may see him, how you may know him, his age, and whether dark or fair; and how to win the affections of as many as you please; few can resist the charms. State age and sex, and where born. No letters will be received unless postpaid, and no person personally consulted under any circumstances whatever. A stamped and directed envelope for the reply.—Enclose stamps as above. This follows the address. This is not the first time that complaints have been made of these circulars."

THE ANTI-CAROTTS MOVEMENT.—LARRY OFF FIREBRAND.—Henry Wood, aged 18, a messenger, was charged with firing off a pistol, to the danger of passengers. John Widdling, 283 A, produced a pair of pistols. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Are they loaded? Widdling: Your worship, one is, with ball. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Then, pray put them down. This being done, Widdling continued: About twenty minutes after nine last night I was in Portman-square, when I heard the report of firearms, and ran to the spot and saw the prisoner with a pistol in his hand. Asking him the reason why he had fired it off he said it went off accidentally. On searching him a second pistol was found upon him loaded with ball. Prisoner: I have carried a pistol with me for the last fortnight—as I have a very lovely round to go every night with a large outfit of my master's money—for my protection against gentry and robbers. Last evening a friend of mine gave me the second pistol, and the lock going stiff I tried it when I went off. There was no ball in it. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I take it that there is a ball in the second pistol, that the discharged one had one in it. A parcel of people take up these things without being aware of their end. I shall fine you 2s. 6d. You may carry firearms for your protection, but be very cautious how you use them, and not be too hasty. Prisoner said the money and left.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN SENT BACK TO SERVE OUT HIS TERM.—ATTEMPTED ESCAPE BY THE CALLS.—A fellow who gave his name as George Whitbread, alias Finley Brooks, was brought down handcuffed from the Kentish-town station, in the custody of Mr. Inspector Willoughby, and Roland, 377 S, charged with being found on a certain house for the supposed purpose of committing a felony. George Sidney King said: I am a grocer residing at 4, Union-terrace, Kentish-town. About seven o'clock on Saturday evening I was in my shop, when my wife, who had gone up-stairs to dress, called to me that she had found a window open, and was afraid that some one was in the house. I went up-stairs, and getting out of the first-floor window on to the leads I saw the prisoner crouched up in a corner. He said he was not aware how he got there, and I gave him in charge. Thomas Roland, 377 S, said: I was called to Union-terrace, and told that there was a man on the roof. I went through the shop and out on to the leads, when I saw the prisoner, and told him I should take him for being there with intent to break into the house. Prisoner said he had nothing to do with it; he knew nothing about it; and that he had only just come from Manchester. At the station I found nothing particular about him. Mr. Mansfield: Is he known? Sergeant White: He is well known. He is a ticket-of-leave man. Mr. Mansfield: Is the ticket unserved? Inspector Willoughby: It has eighteen months to run. Mr. Mansfield sentenced prisoner to three months' hard labour, and observed that at the end of that imprisonment he would be sent back to serve out his original term of penal servitude. Whilst the prisoner was locked up at the Kentish-town station he made a determined attempt to escape. In the roof of the cell where he was placed was a cast-iron perforated ventilator, which the prisoner pulled out and broke to pieces, and also pulled some of the wood-work of the roof away. It is then imagined that he sprang himself up on to the beams and tried to force himself through the aperture, but finding that the space in the brick and timber work of the roof gradually diminished to the end of the ventilation, he was not able to press his body through, and gave up the attempt.

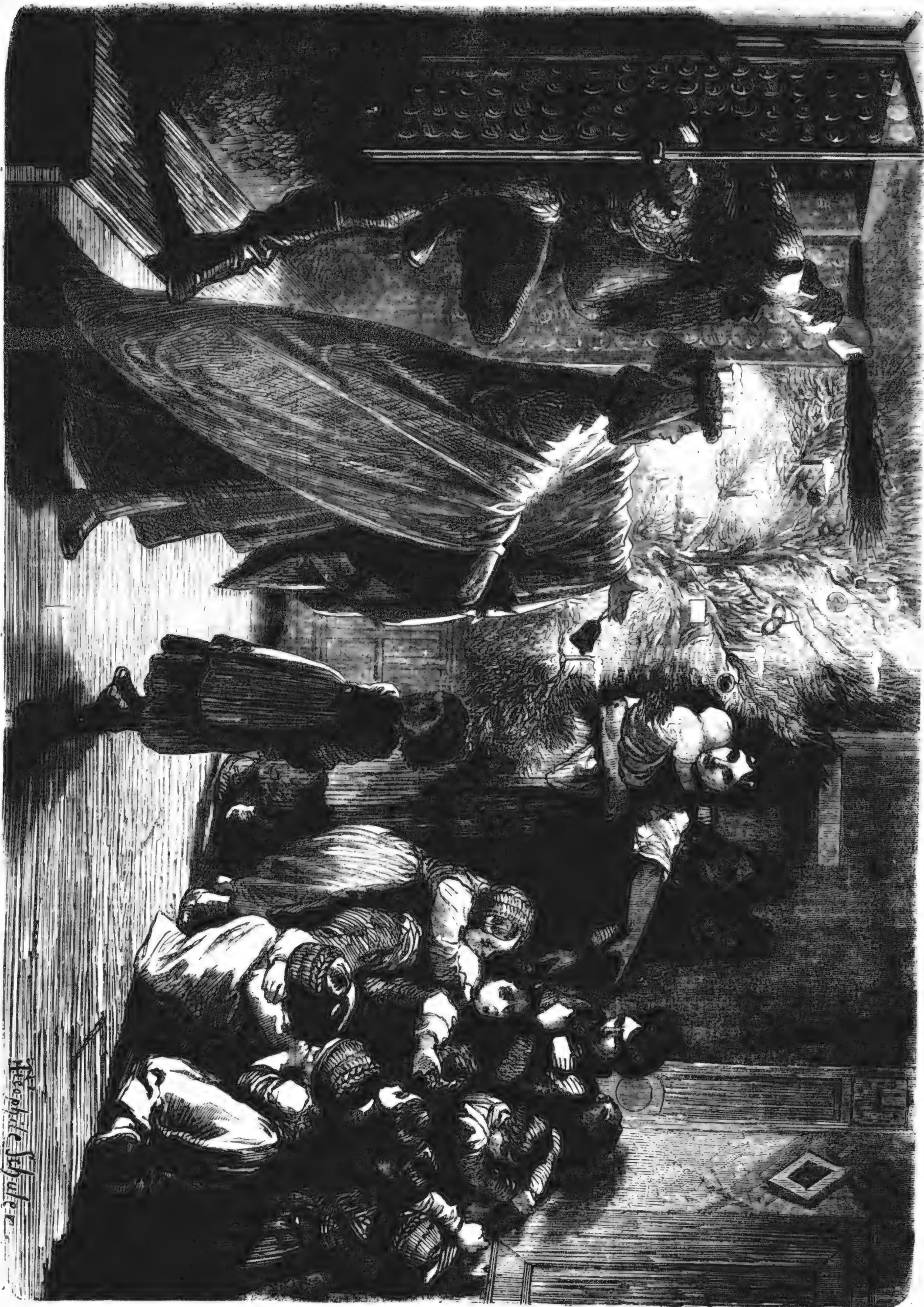
SOUTHWARK.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE SYSTEM.—A strong-built, powerful, and hearty-looking young man applied to Mr. Combe to sign his certificate, to enable him to draw money from the Government, he having suffered penal servitude for some years. He appeared rather insolent in his bearing, and on producing his paper for signature, said that he wanted the money, which he considered he had fairly earned. Mr. Combe: What are you? Applicant: I am a labourer. Mr. Combe: Where do you belong to? Applicant: My native place is Gloucester; and I have not a friend in the world. Mr. Combe: I perceive that you have been liberated with a ticket of leave. What was your sentence? Applicant: I was sentenced to six years' penal servitude, sir. Mr. Combe: Then how long did you serve? Applicant: Four years and a half, sir. You will see that by my papers, which I want you to sign. Mr. Combe: These papers require me to certify that I know you to be a respectable man, getting your living in an honest manner. Now, I know nothing about you. I don't think I ever saw you before, therefore how can I sign your papers? Applicant: These papers say that I am to go to a magistrate to have them signed before I can get my money. Mr. Combe: Your papers specify that a magistrate or minister may sign this, provided he knows you. Now, I don't know you. You may still carry on your deceptions for what I know. What are you doing for a livelihood? Applicant: Nothing, sir, and that is the reason I want you to sign my papers. I want to get the money due to me, I do not wish to be the chaplain of the prison. How am I to act? Mr. Combe: I can tell you: It is clear to me that some other system ought to be adopted with your ticket-of-leave men. You escape a quarter of your punishment by some means or other, and get thrust on the world without a friend to assist you. I am sorry I cannot help you, as I know nothing about you. Applicant then left the court.

LAMBETH.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF PROFLIGACY.—John Collier, a boot and shoemaker, residing at 48, Pleasant-place, West-square, was charged with attempting to strangle his wife, a mere girl of fifteen, on the 17th of last month; and also with attempting to commit suicide, by cutting his throat with a razor two days ago. The prisoner, who is a married man, and who two years ago the prisoner took away her mother from her father, but after living with him as his wife, she returned again, and ultimately she persuaded her (witness's) father to go and live in the same house with the prisoner. She had also induced her to marry the prisoner, and they were united on the 3rd of November last. In a fortnight after the prisoner and her mother were out together, and on their return the prisoner rushed up-stairs, caught hold of her by the throat, held her tight until she was black in the face, and would have strangled her, had not a young man in the house run to her assistance, and pulled the prisoner off. As soon as she could get out of the house after his attempt to strangle her, she made her way to the house of her aunt at Chelsea. The aunt of the complainant, a decent-looking woman, heard of her husband's conduct, and denounced her sister as one of the most abandoned of her sex. She had forced the poor girl into a marriage with the prisoner solely to pick her own money, and give her an opportunity of living in the same house with them, and continuing her profligacy. Sergeant Odell, 18 L, said that the parties had been married at Newington Church, and the prisoner and her mother described the bride as of full age. The prisoner offered nothing in defence, and was remanded.

AN IRISHMAN IN HIS CUPS.—Joseph B. Murphy, a tall and portly Irish gentleman, who described himself as a commercial traveller, residing at 23, Brook-street, Euston-road, was charged with being "drunk and incapable." Webb, 130 P, deposed that on Saturday evening, at half-past four o'clock, he found the prisoner on Ancoats-hill, helplessly drunk and incapable of taking care of himself, and for his own security he removed him to the New-road Station. Mr. Elliott: Well, what have you got to say to the charge? Mr. Murphy: Then, sir, it would be useless to deny it. I was drunk, and I hope your worship will allow me to put a sovereign in the poor-box, as a punishment for my offence. Mr. Elliott: Very well, you may do so. Mr. Murphy: Thank your worship; and now there is another little matter which I wish to take your opinion on. I gave up a sum of money of six shillings and sixpence, but it was returned to me a sovereign short. What am I to do in the matter? Webb, the constable, here explained that at the station-house Mr. Murphy gave up to Inspector Bond £200 in notes and gold, namely, 140 sovereigns, six £20 and six £5 bank of England notes, and when it was restored to the applicant it was, as he had stated, a sovereign short, and this could only be accounted for by Mr. Bond by his having made a mistake in counting. Mr. Elliott: Mr. Bond is a most respectable officer, and I could not be suspected for one moment that he would withhold a sovereign. Mr. Murphy: He is a most respectable officer, and I do not suppose such a thing, and the kindness of Mr. Bond on Saturday night I should be delighted to crack half a crown of champagne with him. (Laughter). Mr. Elliott: It is most fortunate that you did not lose this large sum of money, and I am inclined to think that the mistake took place in the counting of the sovereigns. Mr. Murphy: I thank your worship, and I'll think so too.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN ALSACE. (See page 168.)

Heophile Schuler



PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS DINNERS—SCENE IN SHOREDITCH.

CHRISTMAS MARKETING.

THE scene depicted above will be immediately recognised as an accurate picture of street marketing among the humbler classes. Here may be seen the anxious wife, with baby in arms, seeking to make the utmost of the trifle with difficulty obtained from her drunken husband out of his earnings, who will, nevertheless, expect to find, during the ensuing week, his usual meals prepared. Here a thrifty, loving pair, who proceed marketing together, on the receipt of the week's wages, and consult, as they proceed, respecting their investment in meat, grocery, &c. These, and numberless other characters, reader, will you meet in a ramble through Shoreditch, the New Cut, &c., on a Saturday night, and with the glaring gas, babel of voices, and the eternal "buy, buy, buy, weigh away at five and four," "here ye are, four a penny," assist in producing the scene engraved, which must be witnessed to be thoroughly appreciated.

ON BOARD THE ALABAMA.

THE following is the principal portion of an interesting communication from a petty officer of much intelligence and ability who has been aboard the Alabama, since she sailed from Liverpool, under the now famous cognomen of the "290." We have no doubt it will be perused with much interest as well by the many friends of those on board as by the general public, who take such an interest in the celebrated vessel:—

"Southern Confederate Steamer Alabama,
Oct. 30, 1862, lat. 41° 30', long. 45°.

"Dear —,—Though I put to this letter the date of October 30, there is no saying, d'ye see, when you may get it; for, although I have pen and ink and all the other conveniences for writing, there is no post-office alongside into which I can conveniently drop it when written. There are few 'friends' to visit the Alabama, and those persons who board and lodge with us for a time are too much taken up with their own affairs, and too anxious about getting away to do a favour for anyone else. Some of them we neither would nor dare ask. However, it must take its chance when the time comes. I know your feelings were not in favour of my embarking in this enterprise, yet I assure you that I am taking well with both the ship, captain, and cause. . . . No crew could be more comfortable than ours is, though, from the always watchful nature of the duties which devolve upon us, more discipline and active duty are enforced than we shall, perhaps, get credit for. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and plenty of work to do, is the order of the day, and of every day. It would be an endless task for me to attempt to give you even an outline of the fearful havoc we have committed among the Yankee vessels since we left the shores of the Mersey, or of the destruction of the many splendid ships, of which not one plank was left fastened to another. Among the finest was a vessel bound for Bremen, but not very heavy cargo laden; the Wave Crest, bound from New York to Cardiff, Captain Hammond; the Manchester, from New York to Liverpool; the Three Stars, whale ship; and a new bark, the Dunkirk, Captain Johnston, from New York to London. We have already taken about twenty vessels, laden with every article which it is possible almost for the countries of the world to produce, and they have all been destroyed with the exception of one or two, whose commanders have given bonds for various amounts of

ransom to Captain Semmes, payable to the President of the Confederate States when peace is proclaimed. The last one which we let off was the Tonawanda, which lay beside us several days, and had a good deal of British property, with some doubtful, aboard—the captain and crew being aboard our vessel. They were all glad to get away, but the only reason why such a course was pursued was that they had a large number of females on board as passengers, which the skipper said could not be stowed in our 'fixins' anyhow. The historical chivalry of the South would not permit of our disturbing or molesting the females, so we took his bond, put the prisoners we had on board, and sent her away, Semmes declaring that it was enough to break a man's heart to see that he was compelled to part in such a way with so splendid a ship. It is next to a play to hear the fellows themselves tell how they were taken, and what they thought of us when first sighted. The mate of the Manchester stated that all on board his ship was in good order, going with a stiff breeze from S.S.W., when the look-out reported a sail on the beam. The red cross of St George was flying, and the day being clear, our guns were made out quite visible. The man at the wheel remarked to the captain, 'There's a British man-of-war bearing down on us; we had better show our colours.' The captain shortly after ordered them to be hoisted. Away went the stars and stripes, and, almost at the same moment, down went the British ensign, and in its place appeared the full flag of the Confederates. A 10lb. shot right across the bows astonished the captain, who, after a rapid survey through his glass, exclaimed, 'It's that — pirate Semmes; the ship is lost!' I may only add that a few hours more and they were all prisoners on board the Alabama, and the last we saw of the Manchester the succeeding night was a bright sheet of fire in the horizon line as the darkness fell. The prisoners we take are treated as well as possible, though our having so many hands on board prevents them all from receiving what might be considered proper accommodation. Some are made comfortable enough, but there are impudent and insulting Yankees who are not thankful even for their lives being spared, and they must take the consequences. Since we have come in these waters we have got some splendid guns additional, all mounted; and, what with our own crew and the brave volunteers who have since joined us, we are now able to fight as well as run, and both at the same time, if need be so. We have also plenty of news about ourselves on board in the *New York Times* and *Herald*, the *Shipping Gazette*, *Liverpool Mercury*, and *Gore's Advertiser*, &c. Some of the New York papers, illustrated, gave frightful pictures of the engagements their vessels have had with us, making them all surrounded with smoke and firing into us, all of which we heartily enjoy. One thing is certain,—they never will take the Alabama, nor a man of us alive. Captain, officers, and men know their duty, and are quite aware of the doom which would befall them if taken, for there are no croakers or skulkers here; but if so unlikely a thing should take place, and the hair of one of our heads be injured, our commander assures us that the Government of Richmond will hang a regiment of Yankee officers in retaliation. Captain Semmes (or the admiral, as we call him among ourselves both fore and aft) is of opinion that the war will be settled in the beginning of the year, and in that case we shall all be provided for life. No more sea for me after that. Previous to the 20th of this month our prize-money alone was worth from £400 to £500 a man. So I am looking forward to the day when I shall return to Liverpool, and, relieved from the

drudgery of a sea life, spend my remaining years in peace and contentment beneath the shadow of the extended wings of the Liver."

AN IRISH BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE CASE.

AN action to assess damages for breach of promise of marriage was tried at Master Hitchcock's office, Dublin, before the Master and a common jury. The plaintiff, Miss Ruttle, a young lady of twenty-one years of age, who resided in Prussia-street, in Dublin, was a person of considerable attractions, of polished manners and education, and of a respectable family. Her father had been a solicitor, and on his demise left a wife and several children, almost wholly unprovided for, in consequence of which the plaintiff was obliged to maintain herself by accepting, in the month of February of the present year, the situation of governess, in the family of Captain Graham, of Cashel, defendant's brother. The defendant was twenty years of age, and held the appointment of medical officer of Dundrum Dispensary, county Tipperary. He had been in the habit of visiting at his brother's house, where an intimacy sprang up between the plaintiff and himself, which resulted in his offering her his hand and heart, which offer was accepted. The correspondence between the parties appear to have commenced about August last, and various letters were handed in and read in court, to show the progress of the "love suit" between the plaintiff and the defendant. The correspondence on both sides was liberally garnished with poetry, not of a very high order, but sufficiently expressive of a warm attachment. The brother of the young lady, Mr. Augustus Ruttle, wrote to the defendant on the subject of the proposed marriage, to which it appears the family were by no means unfavourable. In replying to that communication the defendant said, "I have always admired your sister from the first time I became acquainted with her, and consider her to be a young lady of high intellectual attainments and sublimity of feelings. My admiration of her has been increasing from our first acquaintance. I am a surgeon of the Irish College for the last two years, and I hold the appointment of medical officer of the Kirkpatrick Dispensary, for the past year and seven months, my salary for which is £90 per annum; and my private practice, though not very extensive at present, is on the increase, and I think likely to continue so." In another letter was written the following: "I have not yet mentioned my intentions to any of my relatives. It is time enough when it is decided on." Other letters and more poetry passed between the parties; but the precise reason of the match being broke off did not transpire in the evidence. Mr. Clarke, Q.C., with whom was Mr. Leech, stated the case. The mother of the plaintiff was examined to prove her daughter's return home, and the reception of the letter containing the proposal of marriage by the defendant. Mr. Hemphill, Q.C., spoke for the defence. Mr. William Graham, the defendant's brother, was then examined in reference to his circumstances and position in life. Mr. Leech addressed the jury in reply. The jury retired to their room, and after an absence of five minutes, returned into court with a verdict for the plaintiff, with £250 damages.

PARLIAMENT is expected to meet for business on Thursday, the 5th of February.

Literature.

COMPLETE TALES.

THE GIANT OF THE SCHELDT—A LEGEND.

It was in the beautiful night of the year 54 before Christ—the sky clear, the air calm—that a bark, a kind of raft planked with hurdles of osier, covered over with ox-hides, dropped down gently with the ebbing of the Scheldt.

A voice was heard in the bark—a woman's voice, mild and sweet; "Yes, Atvix," the voice said, "for thee I have passed the threshold of my father's abode—I have quitted the deep forests of Gaul, my native country—for there have I quitted all, because I love thee, Atvix; those and thy charming harp which sleeps in silence at thy side."

"O Frega! since the day when thine eyes fixed their look upon mine, my harp has forgotten its tones, and my soul no longer recollects the songs breathed into it by Ogmus, when I adored him in the woods—Ogmus, the god of the bards, incessantly surrounded by a crowd of men, who are flanked by the ear to the chains of amber and gold proceeding from his mouth!"

The bark floated along.

On a sudden, the stream shudders and foams as if some water-monster were ascending to its surface—a rustling, a hollow breathing, like an autumnal wind meaning through the boughs of an ancient forest is heard—the water bubbles up nearer, and the breathing sounds stronger. Then, by the pale light of the moon, streaming through the fringed edge of a silvery cloud, Atvix and Frega with terror perceive approaching them—heaving up waves in his rapid step—a colossal giant. The water of the river rises up to his broad breast, forming around him a white and gushing belt of foam. A thick beard falls from his formidable face, and rough and black hair covers his head. He appears like those isolated peaks which are sometimes seen to rise from the shores of the ocean, with their menacing tops, and the end of whose long trailing herbage dips into the waves.

The bark suddenly stops, and breaks under the hand of the giant. A terrible creaking issues from the depth of his chest, and then a voice throwing out these words, with the noise of thunder: "Ah, ah! my night passengers! you fancied that the eye of Antigon would be shut, so as to allow you to pass by in the shade! Where—where are the three bullocks to satisfy my hunger to-night?"

Frega, trembling, clasped closely to Atvix, who had silently drawn his long sword.

The giant resumed: "If you would speak to me, you must raise your shrill voices, my dwarfs, so that my ear may hear."

"Have mercy upon us, if thou art the god of this river," replied Atvix; "and if thou art not a god, permit a poor herd of Ogmus to pass in peace, O terrible giant! permit him to pass in the name of the great Hesus, of Iseutates, and of all the gods!"

"Oh, thou jestest, I think," said the giant, in a ferocious tone. "For my part, I laugh, seeest thou, at Hesus and all thy gods. These gods of thine—hast thou ever seen them? And if thou hast seen them, is their figure bigger than yours—your whole fine race of abortions, an army of whom I could crush under my feet? Ah! thy gods I should already have caught them in their heaven for my amusement of an evening on my desert strand—or to make a repast of them, if they had indeed been anything else than empty smoke!"

"Who then art thou," said Atvix; "thou who laughest at the gods?"

"Who am I? Antigon. Ah, thou wishest to equivocate—equivocate with Antigon! Yes, thou dost gettest the tribute of bullocks thou owest me for the passage of my river; thou reckonest to elude me under cover of the night, and even now thou attemptest to trick me like a child. Ah, ah!"

The giant enveloped Atvix with his powerful hand, before the latter was able to stir. Frega, who had continued motionless from terror, now threw herself upon her knees in the bark.

"Mercy, mercy for him—mercy for Atvix!" she exclaimed. "O mercy! What harm can it do to thee, our passing down this river; feel as we are, and unintentionally offending—the loving me, and I loving him!—Mercy!—Oh, heaven! is there no pity in thy soul?"

The giant interrupted her with a terrible sneer.

"Oh! my soul, sayest thou, my soul! Where hast thou learnt that I had a soul? Who has seen a soul? Oh, I tell thee in truth that there is neither soul, nor gods, nor intelligence; no, nothing but matter—and hunger!"

As he finished, the giant pressed between two iron fingers the arm and hand of Atvix; the hand fell into the bark, with the sword which it held. A terrible cry was heard, with which he mingled his ferocious laughter.

The giant took up the bloody hand and cast it into the stream.

Upon this, at the moment he was about to seize Frega, bent double and without motion, Atvix, freed from the terrible grasp which had bound him, caught up, with his remaining hand, the fallen sword, and plunged it to the hilt in the arm of the giant.

A howl of pain was reverberated by the echoes of the two banks.

The moon shone out brilliant and clear from her bed of clouds, and her rays played upon the flood scarcely rippled by the air of a light breeze. The bark, no longer detained, went adrift; a shock aroused Frega. She raised herself up with pain upon her knees, and saw, at some distance from her, a dreadful sight.

The giant furiously ground between his hands the body of Atvix.

Frega, her face pale, her eyes fixed, crawled to the very end of the bark. There she stretched out her neck and endeavoured to advance still

farther, as if under the spell of an invincible attraction; for an instant she gazed, leaning forward, without a tear in her eyes or a sigh in her bosom; the next, her arms folded over, and she rolled into the stream.

In one year after that night, the liberty of Gaul gasped beneath the foot of Cæsar. The strength, the courage, the efforts and heroic resistance of that great people, whose ancestors, in one of those adventurous incursions which they made through Europe, had bivouac'd upon the ruins of Rome, were at length broken against the fortune and genius of the conqueror. Belgium, that perpetual focus of revolt against oppression, was traversed by three Roman armies, their course lighted up by the flames of conflagration; and pontoons thrown across the Scheldt had just opened passages into the country of the Menapians. One day, a cohort, detached from a legion of the vanguard, followed the borders of the river, directed, it is said, by a mysterious being. Twice the sun went down without seeing the party return. Some cavaliers of their friends then rushed toward upon their track, and at last stopped, about the middle of the night, before a strange spectacle.

Impetuous flames, blown about by the wind, were just completing the destruction of the base of a tower, which had defended a castle of colossal proportions. The ground flamm'd by the glimmering fire, and everywhere in confusion, was strewn with the dead bodies of Roman soldiers, with arms and ruins. In the midst, upon a heap of dead, lay, stretched out and motionless, covered with wounds and pierced with javelins, the immense body of a giant. One of his enormous arms, without a hand, poured from its horrible wound a stream of black blood upon the earth. A warrior was leaning down upon his head.

After a pause of some moments, the giant's eyes re-opened; the warrior instantly stood erect, and removing from his pale and beautiful countenance his long flowing hair, his eyes suddenly animated with extraordinary brilliancy, he approached the ear of the monster, and burst out upon him with these words:—

"Antigon, Antigon! it was needful to swell out the voice, was it not, that thine ear might hear? Well, then, hear mine, Antigon! Oh! thou art not so dead but thou canst still comprehend, and recollect! It is but a year since, on a beautiful night—Verily, verily, thy wounds are large and bloody, and pleasant to behold! Yes, a summer night, two lovers were passing down together there, upon this river. Oh! thy den was not then lighted up, as it is to-night. Two lovers, thou knowest!—two lovers talking of love, their hearts moved with sweet thoughts. See, see! let those standing by view the reflection of themselves in thy blood! One of those lovers was a bard, a poor bard—oh! oh! thy dying eyes kindle up again. Thou killedst him. And the other—but, ho! Antigon, where are thy terrible hands? The other, that weak woman—thou hearest well!—she exists—and revenges him!"

A shivering convulsed the whole body of the giant, and a fearful rattling broke forth from his breast; his teeth chattered with a noise like the clashing of swords; his blood-stained eyes once more rolled in their orbits and closed. He was dead.

Frega fell on her knees, and most fervently prayed.

Since that time, the hand-cutting giant has continued popular at Antwerp, and for ages the legend has there been transmitted down from generation to generation. It has stamped itself on the physiognomy of the city. What are the arms of Antwerp? A castle surmounted by cut-off hands. What is the ornament of her fet-a? An immense pasteboard giant paraded through the streets in company with Amphitrite, a whale casting up water to the windows, a ship manned with sailors, sea-monsters, allegorical personages, and a crowd of Tritons, in the frolicsome dance. Indeed, it is not an episode borrowed from any narrations of the middle ages that I relate: it is but four months since the image of the giant was fixed on the walls of Antwerp preparatory to one of those days of gaiety and jovial rejoicing; and workmen were occupied in repairing carefully the numerous damages perpetrated upon this singular monument of three centuries by certain irreverent rats, in spite of its martial mien and formidable stature.

And really, should it indeed be true that this tradition is only a fable, why, for such a trifle, wish to deprive a race of men of all that remains to them of the past—a remembrance? Why, when the gossiping grandmother, during some winter evening, is charming the credulous child with her long stories of various readings, why come screaming to her—"that is not true?" What then are the realities which are worth the attraction, the delightful and ineffable joy which attend these wonderful fables? And besides, let us take care, all these legends enfold types which it is impious to shatter; and each of them, too, as the veil covers the face, as the body hides the soul, contains under its rind, more or less transparent, a thought, a lesson, an instruction—nay, perhaps a truth!

Let it be borne in mind that all nature is resolvable into a series of types, and that without this beneficent arrangement, anything like a sound general knowledge of the individual facts of the universe would be beyond the range of the finite human intelligence.

MARY MARCH.

A TALE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

From the war of extermination waged against the natives of Newfoundland by the Mic Macs, who had settled near St. George's Bay, and frequently came over in considerable numbers from Nova Scotia, and from the barbarous treatment which they formerly received at the hands of our early settlers in Newfoundland, they had entirely deserted the sea-coast, and by keeping within their woods and fastnesses, avoided all intercourse with strangers. Captain Buchanan's

attempt in 1808, ending in the murder of his two maidens left as hostages, appeared also to have put an end to the hopes that were entertained of civilizing this barbarous race. They had, however, of late years, frequently ventured down to the houses in the Bay of Exploits, for the purpose of plunder or of mischief; and, at length, Mr. Peyton, a settler, having suffered much from their depredations, went up the river with a party of ten or twelve men, to recover his property, and, if possible, communicate with his spoliated friends.

Having travelled seventy miles on the snow, he surprised three natives at a little distance from their wigwags; one man, who appeared a chieftain, was very untractable, rejecting all overtures of friendship, and at last attacked old Peyton in so ferocious a manner, that the young man to save his father's life, was obliged to shoot the savage. The woman who was in company, and was, as it afterwards appeared, the wife of the poor victim, did not fly, shed no tears (a savage seldom weeps); but, after a few minutes' violent struggle of emotions, which were visible in her intelligent countenance, anguish and horror appeared to give place to personal fear, and she went to the murderer of her husband, clung to his arm as if for protection, and, strange to say, a most devoted attachment appeared from that moment to have been produced towards him, which only ended with her life. To him alone, she was all gentleness, affection, and obedience; and the last act of her "brief, eventful history," was to take a ring from her finger, and beg it might be sent John Peyton.

The tribe were in the neighbourhood of this disastrous meeting, and it was necessary that the Peytons should secure their retreat; they had a sled drawn by dogs, and in which Wauathoke, or Mary March, (as she was afterwards named, and as we may now call her,) immediately placed herself, when she understood she was to accompany the party, and directed them by signs to cover her over, holding her legs out to have her moccasins laced; and both here and subsequently, by her helplessness, by the situation she appeared habitually to expect at the hands of others, and by her unacquaintance with any laborious employment, indicated either a superiority of station, or that she was accustomed to a treatment of female savages very different from that of all other tribes. She was quite unlike an Esquimaux in face and figure, tall and rather stout-bodied, limbs very small and delicate, particularly her arms; her hands and feet were very small and beautifully formed, and of these she was very proud; her complexion, a light copper colour, which became nearly as fair as a European's, after a course of washing and absence from smoke; her hair was black, which she delighted to comb and oil; her eyes larger and more intelligent than those of an Esquimaux; her teeth small, white, and regular; her cheek-bones rather high; but her countenance had a mild and pleasing expression (her miniature, taken by Lady Hamilton, is said to be strikingly like); her voice was remarkably sweet, low, and musical. When brought to Fogo, she was taken into the house of Mr. Leigh, the church missionary, where, for some time, she was ill at ease, and twice during the night attempted to escape to the woods, where she must have almost immediately perished in the snow. She was, however, carefully watched, and in a few weeks was tolerably reconciled to her situation, and appeared to enjoy the comforts of civilization, particularly the clothes; her own were of dressed deer-skins, tastefully trimmed with martins, but she would never put them on or part with them; she ate sparingly, disliked wine and spirits, was very fond of sleep, never getting up to breakfast before nine o'clock; she lay, rolled up in a ball, in the middle of her bed. Her extreme personal delicacy, and propriety of conduct were very remarkable, and appeared more an innate feeling than any exhibition of tact or conventional usage. Her power of mimicry was very remarkable, and enabled her quickly to speak the language she heard; and before she could express herself, her signs and dumb show were curiously significant. She described the servants, blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, a man who wore spectacles, and other persons whom she could not name, with a most happy minuteness of imitation. It is a beautiful provision, that savages and children, who have much to learn, should be such good mimics, as without that faculty they could learn nothing, and we observe it usually leaves them when they no longer want its assistance: to this we should often ascribe family resemblances, which we think are inherited.

But to return to Mary March;—she would sometimes, though rarely, speak freely to Mr. Leigh, and talk of her tribe. They believe in a Great Spirit, but seem to have no religious ceremonies. Polygamy does not appear to be practised. They live in separate wigwags, Mary's consisted of sixteen; the number was discovered in rather a curious manner. She went frequently to her bedroom during the day, and when Mr. Leigh's housekeeper went up, she always found her rolled in a ball, apparently asleep; at last, a quantity of blue cloth was unrolled and from the great jealousy that Mary showed about her trunk, suspicion fell upon her; her trunk was searched, and the cloth unrolled, nicely converted into sixteen pairs of moccasins, which she had made in her bed: two pair of children's stockings were also found, made of a cotton nightcap. Mr. Leigh had lost one; but Mary answered angrily to a question about her merchandise, "John Peyton, John Peyton!" meaning that he had given it her: at last, in the bottom of her trunk, the tassel of the cap and the bit marked J. L. were found, when, looking steadfastly at Mr. Leigh, she pointed to her manufacture, and said slowly, "Yours," and ran into the woods; when brought back, she was very sulky, and remained so for several weeks. The poor captive had two children, and this was probably the tie that held her to her wigwag; for though she appeared, in many respects, to enjoy St. John's when she was taken there, and her improved habits of life, she, on the whole, but "dragged a lengthened chain;" for all her hopes and acts appeared to have a reference to

her return. She hoarded clothes, trinkets, and anything that was given her, and was fond of dividing them into sixteen shares. She was very obstinate, but was glad to be of any service in her power, if not asked to assist; she was playful, and was pleased with startling Mr. Leigh, by stealing behind him softly; her perception of anything ridiculous, and her general knowledge of character, showed much archness and sagacity: an unmarried man seemed an object of great ridicule to her. When she was taken to St. John's, on entering the harbour, she said to "essra, Leigh and Peyton, "You go shore, Mr. Leigh—you go shore, John Peyton—when go shore, no emamoose, (wife or woman,) ha, ha, ha!" She was quite indiffere to music, and did not seem to perceive it; liked exhibiting herself to strangers, and was very fond of putting on and taking off all the dresses, ribbons, and ornaments that were given her. Mr. Leigh once drew on a bit of paper a boat and crew, with a female figure in it, going up a river, and stopping a moment at a wigwag, and described the boat, freighted as before, returning. Mary immediately applied the hieroglyphic, and cried out, "No, no, no, no." He then altered the drawing, taking the woman out, and leaving her behind at the wigwag, when she cried very joyfully, "Yes, yes, good for Mary." A variety of representations, more obscure than this, she perceived with quickness, and had much satisfaction in the mode of communication.

She remained a short time at St. John's and acquired such facility in speaking English, that sanguine hopes of civilizing and opening a communication with her tribe, through her means, were entertained; and when Sir Charles Hamilton despatched Captain Buchanan to the Bay of Exploits, to make the attempt, it was hoped for this poor, devoted handful of Indians that the measure of their sufferings was full, and that they were at last to be brought within the influence and blessings of civilization and Christianity. It was ordered otherwise; the change of dress, or change of living, or whatever it may be, that operates so fatally on savages separated from their native habits, spared not poor Mary. She left St. John's with a bad cough, and died of consumption on making the Bay of Exploits, aged twenty-four. Captain Buchanan, after a laborious march, reached the wigwags, but found them empty; and he deposited there the coffin of Mary, with her presents, dresses, moccasins, &c. The experiment, I think, was hazardous; the Indians, on returning, may possibly perceive the truth, or they may, as more in accordance with their past experience, fancy poison, insult, or any of the barbarities practised on their forefathers, the tradition of which they carefully preserve.

A WHALING SONG.

When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To rough the wat'ry deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored.

Cape Cod, our dearest, native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands,
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our coast away,
With eager minds and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wondering eyes,
We view one constant show;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.—There is a pathos in the sickness and death of children not known to other sorrows. So young, so fair, so beautiful, but so frail and perishable! They lived but to die. It is so hard to see them suffer. It is so impossible to relieve their pains, or even to explain them. They turn their wiseful eyes to us for help, but they read in our faces only despair. They moan in their sufferings for relief, but the balm that can soothe their pangs grows not on earth. They are gone. The sun is eclipsed in the morning; and dark, dark are the homes lately so cheery with their merry, tinkling voices, and glad with their artless ways and laughing sports.

OLD MAIDS.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—"I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, 'she will certainly die an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, 'she is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never failing characteristics of an old maid."

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has consented to allow the Two Shilling Society of Arts' Prize Writing Case to pass through the book-post for four stamps, so that this compact case, of which 150,000 have already been sold, can now be sent to any part of the United Kingdom by sending twenty-eight stamps to the makers and inventors, Parkins and Gatto, 25, Oxford-street, London. The case contains writing paper, envelopes, blotting-book, metal pen-case with reserve of pens.—[Advt.]

THE Victoria Station, Pimlico, has the recommendation of being adjacent to a large Stationery Depot, Messrs. Sewell and Co.'s, of Stockbridge-terrace, opposite, who, being manufacturers as well as dealers in paper, can supply the traveller with fifty thousand envelopes of any size at five minutes' notice, if required, cheaper than City houses.—[Advt.]

Varieties.

TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND.—"Take hold of my hand," says the little one, as he begins to totter along over the rough places in his narrow path. "Take hold of my hand," says the youth as he feels his heart quicken at the sight of her who seems to him the necessary support in the coming struggles of life. "Take hold of my hand," says the rugged man, as he stumbles onward over the rough ways of earth and the storms of adversity are beating on his head. He scarcely knows why, yet in the hour of trial and danger his heart whispers, "Take hold of my hand." "Take hold of my hand," says the grey-haired veteran, as he totters onward towards the grave. He begins to have faith in some sustaining but invisible power, and he prays, "Take hold of my hand," with all the hope and trust which inspired the infant supplication. "Take hold of my hand," says the dying man, as he looks his last on earth. Sympathizing friends, standing around his bed, may obey the whispered request, but he needs them not. He is no longer of the flesh, but of the spirit; and dearly loved ones, gone before, "take hold of his hand," and he walks away with them into the realms of the beautiful.

GONE ASTRAY.—Cold words to fall upon a loving heart—he has gone astray. And is this the time to desert him? This the time to taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only sear his soul? No! he passes under clouds; be his light now; perhaps he has no other. Many a true heart, that would have come back like a dove to the ark after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving soul. Be careful how you freeze the warm emotions of repentance. Beware lest those pleading words, a heeding, sting you in some shadowy vale of your future sorrow. Repentance changed by neglect or unkindness, becomes like melted iron hardened in the mould. Trifle with it never. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arm. Wipe the tear from his eye, pour the balm of consolation on the wound that guilt has made. Let your heart be the grave for his transgressions, your pity vent in bearing his burden, not in useless words. Oh, forgive the erring! Did not he who died on Calvary? Shield him from the contempt of grosser minds; make brightness and beauty where all was cold and storm before in his sad life.

Wit and Wisdom.

WHAT FISH IS MOST VALUED BY A HAPPY WIFE?—Her ring.

USEFUL ORGAN.—There is a man in Pennsylvania who has the power of divining the existence of an oil-spring merely by the smell. He is said to possess this penetrating faculty from having a very strongly developed oil-factory nerve.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.—Irene was the Goddess of Peace. In the course of time her business failed; she became bankrupt, and her name was corrupted to Hiren (see Shakespeare.) Later still, this was changed to Hiron, and a Cockney hardware man was lately heard exclaiming joyfully, that "Hiron is now the God of War!"

NOT ENOUGH FOR A MATCH.—"The body of a middling-sized man contains a pound of phosphorus, which, if in a free state, and inflamed, would burn him up and everything around him.—Exchange. "Can't be," says the *Harvard Times*; "we know lots of old bachelors and antiquated maidens who haven't even phosphorus enough in 'em to make a match."

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.—A reporter gives the following description of a conflagration:—"The devastating element, unsatisfied with floods of water, belched forth its crimson tints, and spread the fiery flag of devastation over entire squares, unheeded by the superhuman exertions of the fire-men, who seemed like lost spirits in the hall of Pandemonium, as they flocked around the terrific spectacle."

A BAPTISM.—In Venango county, Pennsylvania, is a queer fellow, by the name of Tom Barton, who drinks and stutters, and stutters and drinks. He has a brother Jim, who is glib of tongue and was a great liar—he hope he has reformed, for he professed to become a good man, and was baptized in the river. It was a bitter cold day in the winter, and the ice had to be cut to make a place for the ceremony. Tom was in attendance, and close by. As Jim came up onto the water, Tom said to him, "Is it c-c-c-cold, Jim?" "No," replied Jim; "not at all." "D-d-d-did him again, m-m-minister, cried Tom; "he l-l-l-lies yet!"

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Read the 6d. book, *THE WONDERS OF THE GOLD MOUNTAINS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA*, by a Successful Miner, who shows how any person can always get from 30s. to £5 a day, at a trifling outlay. DEAN and SON, 11, Ludgate-hill, London, and all booksellers; or post-free for 7 stamps from Mr. Jones, publisher, Barnstaple, Devon.

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THE DR. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL, Bolt-court, 121, Fleet-street.—Mr. H. De Bonger, the great Tenor singer, Mr. Benedict Vaughan, the celebrated Baritone, the Misses Hamilton and Melville, the famous duettists, Miss Georgina Southam, and Fred Hanbury, the most popular character singers of the day, with Hutton, the scintillating, and a host of other talented artists, appear every evening at the above elegant place of entertainment. Stalls 1s. Hall 6d.

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" " 35 " 2s. " £12 " " " 40 " 3s. " £18 " " " 45 " 4s. " £24 " " " 50 " 5s. " £30 " " " 55 " 6s. " £36 " " " 60 " 7s. " £42 " " " 65 " 8s. " £48 " " " 70 " 9s. " £54 " " " 75 " 10s. " £60 " " " 80 " 11s. " £66 " " " 85 " 12s. " £72 " " " 90 " 13s. " £78 " " " 95 " 14s. " £84 " " " 100 " 15s. " £90 " " " 105 " 16s. " £96 " " " 110 " 17s. " £102 " " " 115 " 18s. " £108 " " " 120 " 19s. " £114 " " " 125 " 20s. " £120 " " " 130 " 21s. " £126 " " " 135 " 22s. " £132 " " " 140 " 23s. " £138 " " " 145 " 24s. " £144 " " " 150 " 25s. " £150 " " " 155 " 26s. " £156 " " " 160 " 27s. " £162 " " " 165 " 28s. " £168 " " " 170 " 29s. " £174 " " " 175 " 30s. " £180 " " " 180 " 31s. " £186 " " " 185 " 32s. " £192 " " " 190 " 33s. " £198 " " " 195 " 34s. " £204 " " " 200 " 35s. " £210 " " " 205 " 36s. " £216 " " " 210 " 37s. " £222 " " " 215 " 38s. " £228 " " " 220 " 39s. " £234 " " " 225 " 40s. " £240 " " " 230 " 41s. " £246 " " " 235 " 42s. " £252 " " " 240 " 43s. " £258 " " " 245 " 44s. 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